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FEBRUARY 17, 1900

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AN
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NEWSPAPER.



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THE GEOGRAPHIC

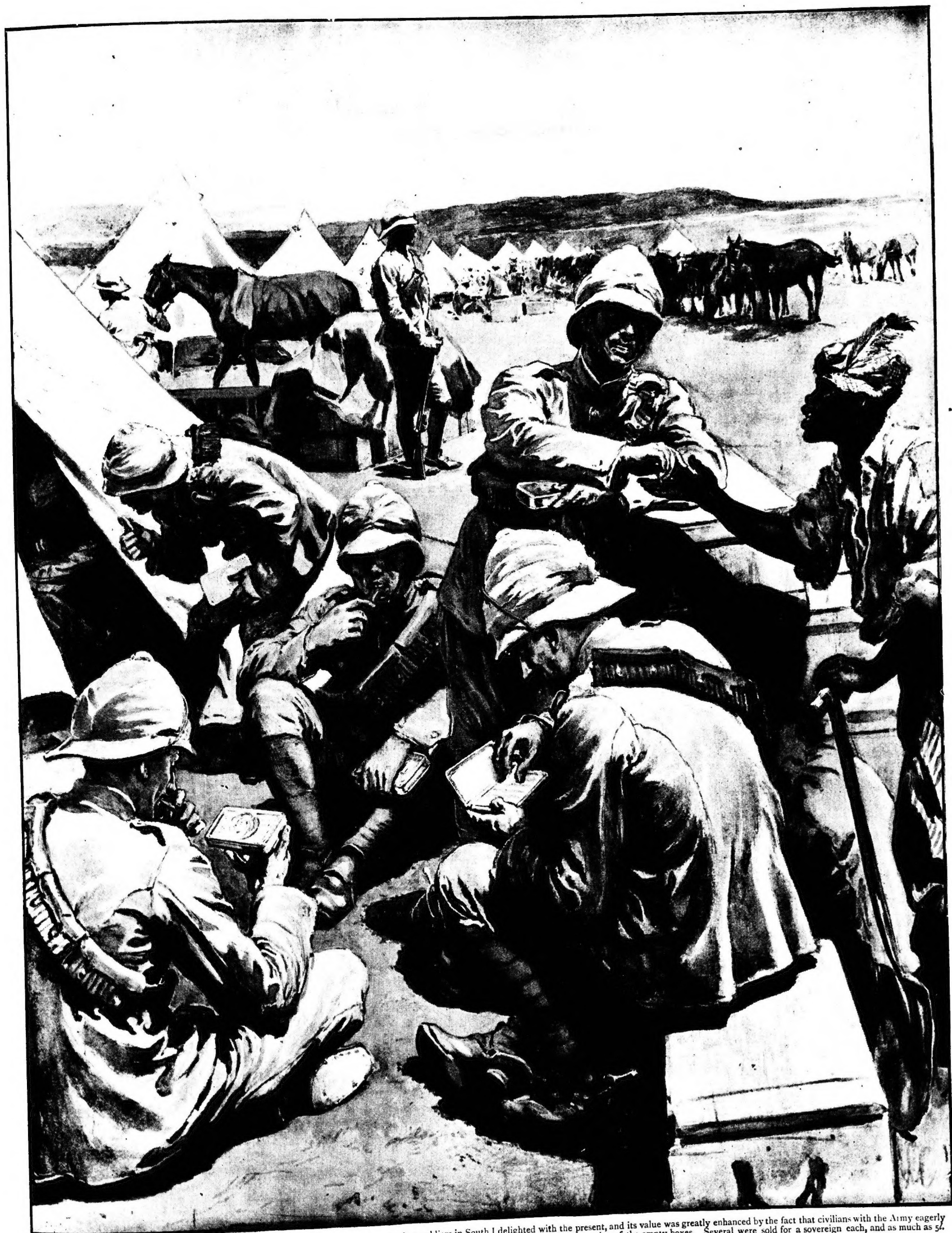
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,577.—VOL. LXI.] EDITION
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1900

WITH EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT:
"The War in South Africa"

PRICE NINEPENCE
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Well in time for New Year's Day the Queen's presents of boxes of chocolate to her soldiers in South Africa reached the camp at Modder River. The boxes were distributed amid scenes of the greatest enthusiasm, the troops giving "three cheers for the Queen." The divisional post office presented an animated sight when the troops, having devoured the chocolate, went to forward the empty boxes to their friends. The men were delighted with the present, and its value was greatly enhanced by the fact that civilians with the Army eagerly competed for the possession of the empty boxes. Several were sold for a sovereign each, and as much as 5s. was offered for one in the evening when those for sale were getting scarce.

THE QUEEN'S PRESENT TO HER SOLDIERS: ARRIVAL OF THE CHOCOLATE AT MODDER RIVER CAMP

DRAWN BY W. SMALL

Topics of the Week

The Problem of National Defence

THE Government have done exceedingly well in introducing their scheme for the permanent increase of our Army at the present moment, when the need of such an increase is brought home to us so forcibly by our difficulties in South Africa. The Leader of the Opposition, with a fine combination of tactical patriotism and cheeseparing procrastination, expressed his readiness to make any sacrifice for the vigorous prosecution of the war, but objected to grafting on the necessities of the moment a scheme which would pledge the future. It is precisely this view which always finds the country unprepared when a serious crisis in our foreign relations occurs. If we were not for ever refusing to pledge the future we should not find ourselves under the necessity of making fresh efforts and sacrifices when the emergency arises. What is not done under the stress of bitter lessons will never be done at all. If we wait until the war is over and our anxieties are at an end, we shall find the plan for a larger Army condemned as extravagant and demoralising militarism, and, in the light of the latest proof of our talent for "muddling through somehow," its practical necessity will be denied. Had the Evil One been allowed to enter a cloister when he was ill, he would not have troubled the world again when he recovered his normal health. We are very much in the same position. To-day we see and feel the need of a larger permanent military establishment, and an improvement in its *personnel*, its *matériel* and its organisation, and we are not disposed to grudge the cost. The country will, perhaps, be in a different frame of mind when the cost is the only disagreeable actuality, and not the lesser of two evils. While it would be altogether premature to pronounce definite judgment on the details of the scheme for augmenting and reorganising our land forces, the fundamental principle underlying the Government's idea of what ought to be done is in entire accord with national aspirations. It has long been manifest to all thoughtful minds that, to be on the safe side, every territorial increase of the Empire should have been accompanied by proportionate expansion of the forces required for its protection. But the sharp strain of the present campaign was needed to drive that fact into the popular comprehension, and until the national sentiment was moved Government naturally fell into a way of making shift with wholly inadequate means. That chapter in our history is now closed; rulers and ruled are at one in recognising that the whole of our military machinery must be overhauled and largely strengthened if the Empire is to be successfully upheld at all points. This consensus of opinion being, then, arrived at, the Government could not do less than take the nation at its word, and draft the plan which was made public last Monday. As a matter of course, it involves a heavy addition to the taxpayer's burdens, while there may be room for doubting whether the requisite number of recruits will be forthcoming during peace times, when trade is brisk. But the scheme undoubtedly strengthens the Regulars, the first land line of Imperial protections to a substantial extent, renders the Militia and Yeomanry more capable of quickly supplementing the first line both at home and abroad, and adds greatly to the efficiency of the Volunteers.

The Real National Bulwark

THE object of the scheme is to place a larger mobile force at the disposal of the country, and to assure to the whole of our defensive forces, both Regulars and Auxiliaries, a greater efficiency and a better adaptability to the latest methods of warfare. These are our real needs, and it is to be hoped that by the time the scheme has been beaten into final shape they will be completely satisfied. Our real national defence must always depend on the Navy, but the present war has brought home to us the fact that our Empire is not wholly insular, and that outside the "little wars" to which we are habituated, we are also liable to larger land entanglements with which we must be prepared to deal swiftly and effectively. The crushing of the military force of the Boers will only remove one of these possible entanglements. There are others in Africa and Asia on which we need not dwell, but which are patent to everybody. With the progress of foreign colonisation these possible entanglements will increase, for the tendency of foreign Powers is not to use their normal military forces for their Colonies, but to create Colonial armies. While we trust that the military proposals of the Government will prove adequate, we hope that at the same time

the need of keeping the Navy abreast of the naval programmes of other powers will not be lost sight of. We have especially in mind the new German Navy Bill. Officially Germany is now our friend, but it would be folly not to recognise that the Navy Bill now before the Reichstag depends for its success on the strong anti-English feeling now prevailing in the Fatherland, and that it is certain to become the instrument of that feeling.

The United Irish

THE union of the different Irish factions, under the leadership of Mr. Redmond, is a matter of Parliamentary rather than of national importance. As long as the great majority of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom understand that the Irish Parliamentary party is essentially an anti-English party, it does not matter to the nation whether that party is composed of three separate detachments or of a single commando. In either case the whole voting strength of the party would be brought to bear whenever a chance arrived of injuring England by embarrassing the Government or by raiding the common exchequer for purely Irish purposes. The main difference is, that under the present *régime*, the Irish Party may, perhaps, secure the funds necessary to put more of its men into the field. Hitherto, the three detachments, under Messrs. Dillon, Healy and Redmond respectively, have all suffered severely for want of transport. It costs nearly 5*l.* to bring an Irish Member up to Westminster, and about as much per week to keep him there, and it is the peculiarity of Irish Nationalism that, with rare exceptions, wealthy and educated Irishmen will have nothing to do with it. The Irish Parliamentary party depends for existence upon the subscriptions it can raise through the agency of Irish publicans, of Irish priests, and of the typical Irish agitator in the United States. It is a melancholy fact that these classes—again with rare exceptions—are less concerned in promoting the prosperity of Ireland than in injuring England. The reason is not far to seek. The Celtic memory is long, and the Irish Roman Catholic peasant, from whose ranks priest and publican and American-Irish agitator all spring, has not yet forgotten the evil days of the Protestant ascendancy, when the might of England was employed to enable Irish landlords, mostly Protestant, to grind down Irish tenants, mostly Catholic. It is the memory of that past wrong that inspires the Nationalist movement of to-day, and the true Irish Nationalist is quite ready to give his money or even to risk his life for the sake of injuring England. Latterly he has seen little chance of effecting such injury through the agency of the Irish Parliamentary party. The zeal which the rival Irish leaders devoted to abusing one another did not inspire confidence in their ability to combine against the common foe, and subscriptions to the Parliamentary Fund fell off so rapidly that all three factions were threatened with extinction for mere want of money. They hope to do better now that they are nominally united, and the new leader has not wasted any time in appealing for fresh subscriptions. If he gets them, he will be able to keep some twenty or thirty more Irish members at Westminster to hang on the flank of both English parties. That is all. Meanwhile, the growing prosperity of Ireland daily gives the lie to the statements which are the stock-in-trade of the Irish party.

From the Cape to Cairo

TO a sportsman has fallen the honour of acting as unaccredited pioneer for Mr. Cecil Rhodes's Cape to Cairo railway. Mr. Grogan probably had no such ambition when he first started northwards in quest of big game. But there is a curious magnetic influence in African travel which draws on those caught by it almost against their own wills. So it was, apparently, with Mr. Grogan. After reaching and crossing the magnificent Zambesi, he struck out for the distant lake region, via Tanganyika, and thence on down the Nile to Omdurman and Lower Egypt. As this adventurous explorer is neither a surveyor nor a scientist, the information he has collected may not be of much value either for railway construction or for any of the ologies. But both Mrs. Bishop and Miss Kinglake have written delightful books, as instructive as entertaining, without diving into the profound. It will suffice if Mr. Grogan can give a general account of the strange lands, and probably stranger peoples, with which he made acquaintance between the Zambesi and Lake Albert Edward. Something is known of them already, but Africa is so full of mystery that information brought back by one explorer is always pretty sure to be extensively revised, if not flatly contradicted, by the next. By this process Christendom has gradually acquired some authentic knowledge of those enormous tracts in the interior which, in the earlier part of the Victorian era, were boldly labelled "deserts" by ingenious map makers. How the enlightened African of the future will laugh at those mendacious charts as he proudly points to some great city which eclipses Manchester as a manufactory of cotton fabrics.

The Court

THIS is the last week of the Queen's stay at Osborne, as Her Majesty purposes returning to Windsor on Monday or Tuesday next. Princess Christian has already left, and her daughter, Princess Victoria, remains with the Queen and the Princess Beatrice. There has been little stirring at Osborne beyond business. One day Her Majesty knighted some half-dozen men, while another afternoon the Queen gave audience to the Chancellor, who stayed to dine and sleep. Like her subject, Her Majesty observed Sunday as a Day of Intercession for our business. In South Africa, one of the forms of prayer specially arranged for use in the private chapel at Osborne where the Queen and Princesses attended.

In the present state of national anxiety the Queen's plans for spring Continental holiday are necessarily uncertain. But Her Majesty does go, the Royal route to Bordighera will probably be *via* Calais, Bâle, and the St. Gothard into Italy.

Sixty years ago, on Saturday last, the Queen was married to the Prince Consort. Her Majesty's wedded life lasted for twenty years, and she has been thirty-nine years a widow.

Just as the war and little else but the war absorbs the English people, so nearly all Royal duties and functions lie in the same direction. The Prince of Wales is to and fro perpetually between London and Sandringham, devoting his week-days to war and taking a much-needed Sunday rest in his Norfolk home with his wife and family. Last week found him inspecting a third contingent of the Imperial Yeomanry at the Regent's Park barracks, this time the East and West Kent companies—in fog and cold. There was an element of novelty in the other inspection of the day, when the Prince saw the staff of the Imperial Yeomanry Headquarters at Devonshire House. Not only has the Prince shown the keenest interest in the scheme, but the Princess is President of the Ladies' Committee when the Prince reached Devonshire House, after being greeted by the Ambulance Corps, acting as guard of honour in the courtyard, inspected them a few moments later in the reception-room overlooking the garden. A few kind words from the Prince, with hearty cheers from the men for the Prince and Princess, concluded this part of the ceremony, and it was then the turn of the nurses, in their effective uniforms of navy blue and scarlet, to pass before the Prince, who spoke to both lady superintendents, one of whom hails from Norfolk. Finally came the presentation of the surgeons, led by Mr. Alfred Fripp, and the Prince stayed some time talking with members of the committee after the ceremony was over. Besides the day's duties the Prince has been present at several evening entertainments of a patriotic nature. One night he accompanied Princess Louise to the Albert Hall for the concert organised by the British Empire League on behalf of the widows and orphans of the Colonial forces; another evening he attended the performance of the Imperial Institute Amateur Orchestra for the War Fund, and on Tuesday escorted the Princess to the much-anticipated entertainment at Her Majesty's Theatre, organised by Mrs. Arthur Paget for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the Guards. The Prince also found time to preside at meetings of the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society and of the British Museum Committee. At the Queen's request he is going to Newcastle-on-Tyne about the middle of June to lay the foundation-stone of the new Infirmary on her behalf.

Owing to the deep mourning for her father and her present state of health, the Duchess of York will not be seen in public for some little time. The Duke and Duchess are now at Sandringham.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught had a very busy visit to Dublin, where they stayed with the Lord-Lieutenant and Countess Cadogan. The Duke was occupied nearly every day in inspecting troops at the various barracks, the men giving the warmest reception to their new Commander-in-Chief. Both the Duke and Duchess were present at the first Drawing Room of the season, and possibly approved the Irish custom of holding such functions in the evening, when everyone looks so much better than when donning full evening dress in broad daylight—as in London.

One of our Royal Princes at the war—Prince Christian Victor—had a narrow escape for his life the other day. The Prince has been doing good service in carrying despatches, and is now with General Buller's force on the Tugela, where he shared in the fighting round Vaal Krantz, as General Hildyard's aide-de-camp. He was sitting by a rock when a 100-lb. Boer shell burst on the rock itself. The concussion knocked him down, but he was otherwise quite unhurt.

Prince Henry of Prussia is home again from his command in China, with no worse adventure during his roundabout tour than being "held up" by Siamese brigands, who robbed him of 200*l.* and two bicycles. He paid the Austrian Emperor a two-day visit in Vienna on his road back, and is now staying with the German Emperor and Empress in Berlin.

Empress Frederick is much better after her severe attack of neuralgia and rheumatism. Change of air being advised, she will shortly leave Lerici for Alassio, where the climate is milder.

THE WAR.

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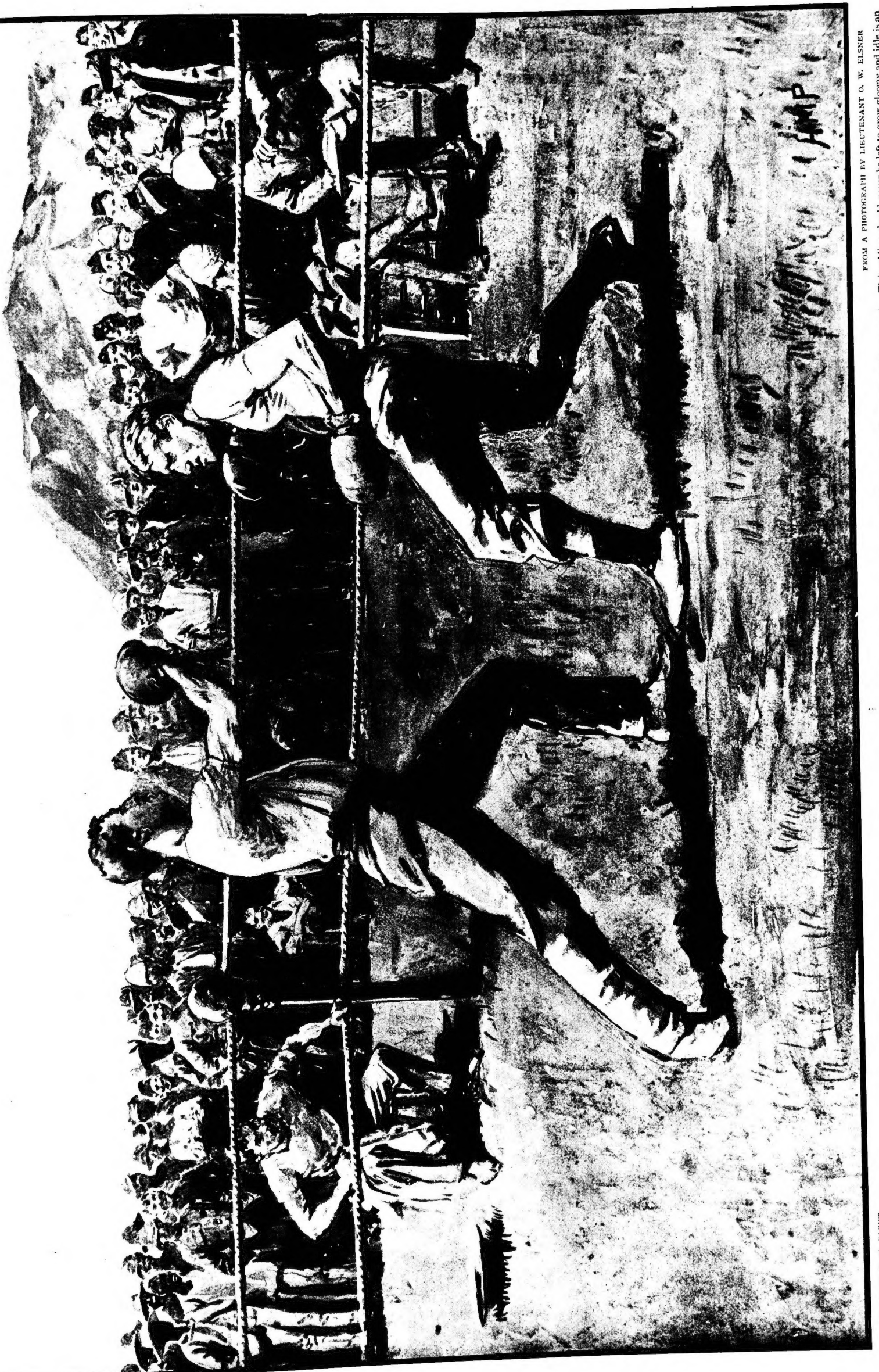


The position of Secretary of State for War is not enviable: at the best of times, but when we are at war his case becomes worse. Everybody has hard things to say of the War Office, even if a transport is late. If the forces in South Africa do not always win, it is the fault of the War Office. At least, that is the view largely expressed. Lord Lansdowne has met his critics honestly and with credit to himself. The work in

the War Ministry must be severe, and one cannot help feeling sympathy with the head of the Department, who, having got through his responsible routine duties, has to go down to the House of Lords or the Commons and answer critical questions each night.

A HARD-WORKED MINISTER IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS: LORD LANSDOWNE SPEAKING

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY SYDNEY, P. HALL



DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

The love of giving and receiving hard knocks is, it would seem, deeply rooted in the heart of the British soldier. Perhaps it is his fondness for sport that makes him appreciate a good fight

either on the battlefield or in the ring with the gloves. At Sterkstroom the other day the Royal Scots got up a boxing competition, which was held in the camp of the 3rd Division. Boxers and

audience enjoyed it very much. That soldiers should never be left to grow gloomy and idle is an axiom, and that is why competitions and entertainments are always encouraged by officers in command

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIEUTENANT O. W. ELSNER

LEISURE HOURS WITH GENERAL GATACRE'S FORCE: A BOXING MATCH AT STERKSTROOM

"Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THE most notable social event of the week was the amateur performance of tableaux at Her Majesty's Theatre. One is accustomed to the amateurs under every aspect, leaping in where angels fear to tread, essaying the most difficult parts, dabbling in the arts of music and literature, but so full and rich and interesting a performance has rarely been given before. To begin with, there was a masque, modelled on the Elizabethan lines, with song and dance, and special music composed for the occasion by Mr. Hamish McCunn, dresses statuesque and graceful, and a bevy of pretty women to carry out the idea.

One original feature there was, too, which certainly did not present itself before our Virgin Queen, and that was the graceful fencing of Miss Lowther, who looked an ideal young champion in her russet suit and jaunty little cap. A very young *ad ulante* appeared in the person of Miss Viola Tree, who, dressed in the most diaphanous garments, acted with a grace and lightness that promises well for her future career. Mrs. Crutchley, as "Glory," appeared amid a din of thunder and a rosy glare of limelight, and clashed her cymbals in truly determined fashion. An element of wildness suited to the character, distinguished her agreeable posturing, and her high spiked crown gave distinct individuality to the representation. Mrs. Martineau, Hebe-like in a white robe and a large crown of roses, as if she had just stepped out of a picture by Leighton, then danced and took the palm for poetry and suppleness of movement; Miss Muriel Wilson, meanwhile, having daringly shot up through a trap-door in scarlet robes with a flaming torch, announced herself as "War," and beckoned to Glory, Victory, and Prosperity, when they finished their performance, to sit beside her on her throne. "Rumour," alias Mr. Gervase Cary Elwes, sang an excellent topical song, attired in a quaint garb covered with interrogations, and carrying an electric telegraph-post in her hand. Lady Maud Warrender, as "Pity," advanced from a barge that had just arrived, and sang a doleful ditty which made one wish "Pity" might combine a sense of gaiety. But as Mrs. Willie James, in the part of "Mercy," dressed as a nurse, recited some bright lines about Tommy, to the accompaniment of distant fifes and drums, the audience decided to take this as a satisfactory compensation.

All being now harmoniously arranged, "War" performed a sleight-of-hand feat, divested herself of her red dress, her headgear of flaming serpents, and her glistening breastpiece, and appeared in virgin white, crowned with roses, as "Peace," surrounded by "Music" in a gorgeous gown of gold tissue, by "Painting," "Science," and "Literature." A pleasant *finale* of gay music brought the Masque to a close, and left a decidedly agreeable and novel impression behind it.

Tableaux then followed, all more or less well grouped by well-known artists, and represented by beautiful women of Society. Among the familiar faces were Lady St. Oswald, Lady Mary Sackville, Miss Agatha Thynne, Mrs. Fitz Ponsonby, Lady Maitland, Madame von André, &c., but neither Lady Helen Vincent, Lady De Grey, Lady Cynthia Graham, the Duchess of Portland, nor many other well-known and lovely ladies took part in the performance.

Finally, came the Patriotic Tableau, which had evidently engaged all the energies of the organisers of the *fit*. On a high throne, with a most realistic lion, open-mouthed and fierce-looking, beside her, sat Lady Westmoreland as "Great Britain," a stately and dignified figure in white satin, draped in a red cloak and crowned with a large wreath of laurel. The stage on each side was lined by genuine stalwart Guardsmen, and to the sound of lively martial music, composed and conducted by Sir Arthur Sullivan, slowly advanced a procession of Great Britain's dependencies, figured by ladies magnificently costumed, their long jewelled trains borne by two little pages in cloth of gold brocade coats, with black silk legs. Very beautiful were the blendings of the colours in this tableau, artistically designed by Mr. Percy Anderson. Lady Claude Hamilton, as "British Columbia," moved with stately gait in a robe of palest green; Lady Feo Sturt glittered barbarically with jewels; her headdress and her bosom were covered with gems. As the typical representative of "India," she was dressed in apricot colour and bore branches of hibiscus in her hands. Mrs. Hwfa Williams, in blazing red, carried a parrot and some red flowers. The Hon. Barbara Lister looked lovely and picturesque in her violet robes under a massive wreath of wisteria blossoms; Lady Raincliffe, wearing a curious high head-dress, was dressed in white to represent "Canada." "Rhodesia" made one of the prettiest figures in her khaki gown and cloak, with the coquettish hat and feathers and the red trimming associated with the Colonial Volunteers. "Natal" appeared appropriately clad all in black, while little "Nigeria," for the nonce, wore spotless white robes.

Miss Muriel Wilson spoke an ode, and looked striking in apricot and white, with a high diamond crown and a long standing-up white feather. None of the ladies suffered from shyness; they showed thorough acquaintance with the stage, and moved easily thereon. In fact, costumes, arrangements, music, and the glorious feast of beauty left nothing to be desired.

The final impression in one's mind was that the stage produces strange effects. It idealises some faces, hardens others, and alters many. The large wreaths, almost grotesque in size, proved eminently becoming, and the Grecian draperies carried away the palm for beauty. After them our modern dress seems stiff, angular, and inartistic. The whole performance was one to be commended, and will no doubt be as successful financially as it was from the æsthetic and spectacular point of view.



SIR EDWARD CLARKE, Q.C., M.P., WHO HAS JUST RESIGNED HIS SEAT IN PARLIAMENT
DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

Mrs. James Stuart Wortley, who died last week, will be regretted by every class of society. This lady, a beauty in her youth, devoted the latter part of her life entirely to works of charity. She founded the East London Nursing Society, to the tender and skilful ministrations of which many a poor woman owes her return to health, and in every philanthropic scheme, emigration, the befriending of young servants, and the education of youth, she took a lively interest. Her clear sense, her logical grasp of subjects and her immense activity were of infinite service in everything she undertook, and her memory will smell sweet in the hearts of the many who loved and depended on her.

I really wonder at the patience of the British taxpayer. During the snow of this week Belgravia, Eaton, and other fashionable squares, remained a morass of slush, ice, and half-melted snow. The pavements as slippery as glass had not been cleansed, and only at the risk of one's life one made one's way from street to street.

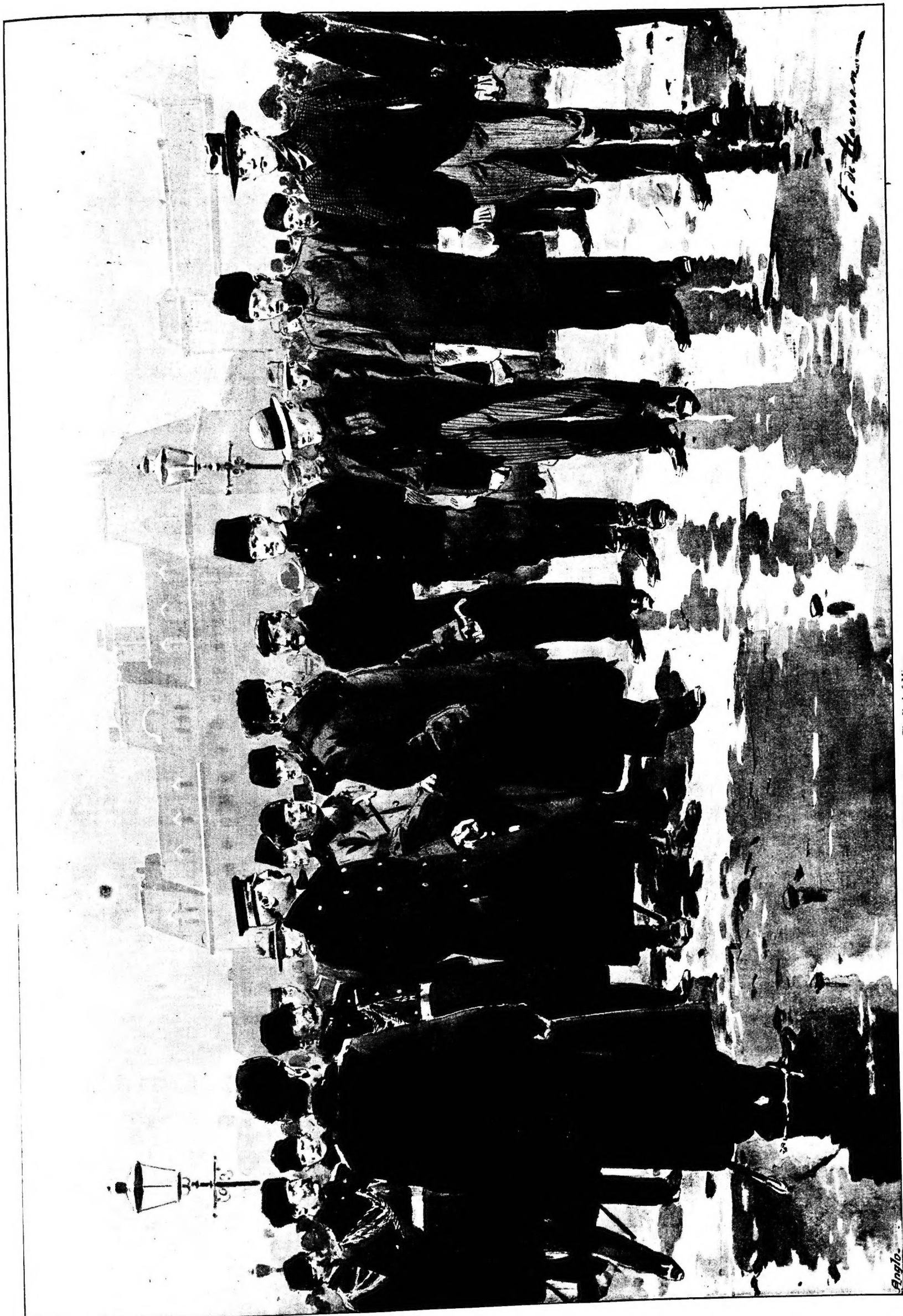
Sir Edward Clarke

SIR EDWARD CLARKE, Q.C., M.P., is a man who has the courage of his opinions, whether these may be popular. His well-known views on the present war have been in a correspondence with the Chairman of the Plymouth Conservative Association, which has left the distinguished alternative but to send in his resignation to the constable, which he has been associated for nearly twenty years. The personality thereby, though the Government will probably give him an hour or two's rest. Popularity is not gained at the price of being suggested that Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Alfred Maitland be "sent down!" but Sir Edward Clarke is not a man who sails to catch the popular wind. Profoundly though he may agree with his views and his manner of expressing them, honest views persisted in at personal sacrifice deserve respect if not sympathy. Since 1850 had Sir Edward represented the constituency of the west county borough he was M.P. for a few months for Southwark, but for the actual duration of his connection with the House of Commons one may go back to 1861, when he sat in the Government for the *Examiner*, for Sir Edward was a journalist first, and that same sturdy fighting spirit which has now brought about his resignation enabled him to fight his way up the ladder of success, working night and day, as he has been now related, to educate himself for the part he had to play. Only a strong man could have done this way to the front, handicapped as was the former Solicitor-General, but you have only to look at him to see that he is a strong man. The Lange case was one of the first cases to bring him into note at the bar, while in Parliament he was never a man to be overlooked. In Lord Salisbury's former Government he was Solicitor-General and was knighted. He would not take up again his old post in the present Government, finding himself at variance with certain restrictions which it was proposed to attach to the office, thus foreshadowing his further divergence of views. A man who likes his own way—not singular in this perhaps—but one who will make sacrifices to get it, and the type is more rare. That is Sir Edward Clarke, who has abandoned a constituency that will not think with him, but has abandoned no part of his views or of his active interest in all the political questions of the hour.

War Concerts

THE War Concert, organised by the British Empire League at the Albert Hall last week, and directed by Sir A. C. Mackenzie, was financially and socially an immense success. Also it was an extremely happy idea to secure the services of concert singers who were born in the colonies. Chief of them, of course, was Madame Albert, herself a French Canadian (Emma Lajeunesse), although two of the songs which she selected, namely, Weber's "Softly Sighs," and somebody's "What did Little Birdie Say?" were hardly appropriate to a War Concert. It is a pity that our two most eminent colonial song posers, namely, Mr. Cowen, a native of Jamaica, and Mr. Coleridge Taylor, a West African, were not represented, possibly because neither was a white man, while Madame Melba and Miss Ada Crossley, two of them leading singers from the colonies, were unable to accept invitations, as one was engaged on the Continent and the other had a prior professional engagement. But Mr. Avon Saxon, who represents Nova Scotia, sang Mr. Webber's patriotic "Give it Them Well;" Mr. Reginald White comes from South Africa, sang Mr. Cowen's patriotic song, "Britain;" Miss Rosa Bird, from Australia, sang Mr. J. Hobbs' "The Letter" (a reminiscence of the Crimean War); Miss Chéron represented Natal, and Miss Dora Australia. Mr. Lloyd gained tumultuous applause by his splendid rendering of "Let Me Be a Soldier Fall," the orchestra played Sullivan's "Imperial" March and Mackenzie's "British Overture;" Mrs. Patrick Campbell recited "Women of Britain," and the choir sang "The Ode of the Colonies," from Mackenzie's "Ode," and the patriotic chorus, "But when Country's Cause," composed by Sir Hubert Parry to the lines of Pope.

On Wednesday this week there was another War Concert at the Imperial Institute, at which the Prince of Wales had promised to preside. Though a smoking concert, ladies were invited to present, a boon greatly appreciated by both sexes. Next Monday there will, at St. James's Hall, be another patriotic concert with a band of mandolines and guitars, mostly played by ladies of the aristocracy. At the close of the performance promises to be an amusing feature in a raffle for various articles including a piano, a set of books, a box and two stalls at the Alhambra, and some sweetstuff. At the big War Concert at the Opera House on the 22nd, Mr. Lloyd and Madame Patti have agreed to sing a verse of "God Save the Queen," but the portion of the programme will be almost exclusively opera, a special desire of Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, who is understood to be the mouthpiece of a more illustrious personage. Another concert is fixed at Queen's Hall for the 27th, in aid of the sick and wounded of the 5th Fusiliers. The artists come exclusively from the theatres and variety halls.



Sir Wilfrid Laurier

The Earl of Minto

No other event connected with the recent military preparations in Canada has aroused so much enthusiasm among the people as the assembling and departure for South Africa of the North-West contingent of soldiers, members of the mounted police, old frontier scouts, and many veterans of Indian campaigns and border wars. Mingled with these rough and hardy fellows of

the camps and plains are a number of men of wealth and aristocratic breeding, who, for various reasons, have chosen this branch of the service in preference to the regular line. Among these is Lord Minto, who is accompanied by his son, Lord Minto, and a number of other gentlemen. The Rangers were under command of Colonel Herchmer and Steele. They were inspected here by the Governor-General, Lord Minto, Sir Wilfrid

Laurier, Hon. R. W. Scott, and other civic and military dignitaries. Lady Minto made a charming little speech to the men and presented them with a set of three guidons. Lord Minto also made a speech and wished the men God-speed. From Ottawa the Rangers went through to Halifax, where they took ship for South Africa and the war.

THE OFFICERS FAREWELL AT OTTAWA

DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

CANADIAN ROUGHRIDERS FOR SOUTH AFRICA: LORD MINTO WISHING THE OFFICERS FAREWELL AT OTTAWA

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

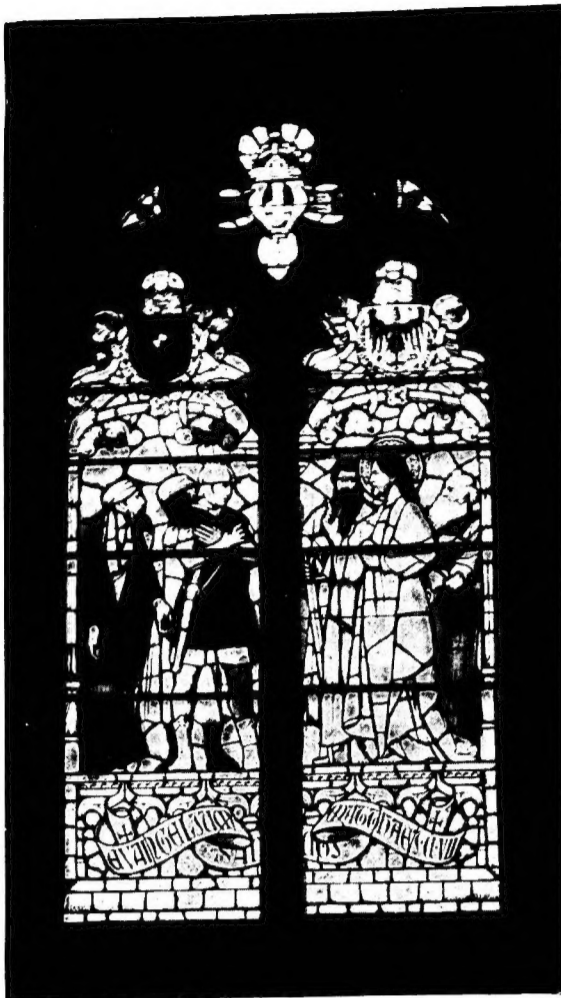
By J. ASHBY-STERRY

A SUGGESTION appears in the papers that the birthplace of John Ruskin, at 54, Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, should be distinguished by one of the Society of Arts memorial tablets. It occurs to me that the suggestion comes a little late, and it would have gladdened the hearts of many of the admirers of the great man and students of his works to have seen the house so decorated thirty years ago. But supposing the Society of Arts decide to take the course indicated it would be well to ascertain that they are labelling the right house. The "54" of 1819 and the "54" of 1900 may not be the same mansion, for it is very possible in the course of eighty years the street may have been renumbered. I have known such casualties to take place to the utter confusion of all historical associations. This renumbering of streets is an utterly useless operation, and ought to be rigorously forbidden.

While the Society of Arts are in this neighbourhood they might spare another tablet for No. 13, Great Coram Street, where William Makepeace Thackeray lived in 1837, and where he wrote the "Yellowplush Papers." I am inclined to think the habitation of "Miss Shum's Husband" was somewhere hereabouts, and that the foundation of "Our Street" is not far removed from the locality indicated. We certainly see allusions to the Russell Institution—only disestablished about two years ago—in the writings of the author of "Vanity Fair" about this period, and undoubtedly Charles Dickens—who was living in the neighbourhood at the same date—shows himself to be well acquainted with the thoroughfare by his description of Mrs. Tibbs's, in "The Boarding House" in "Sketches by Boz." On further consideration the emissary of the Society of Arts might take a third tablet with him when he visits these parts, and bestow it upon 48, Doughty Street, where Charles Dickens lived for three years, finished "Pickwick" and wrote "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby," in addition to "Sketches by Boz" and other minor works.

We have not quite done with the electricians yet. A little while ago they devoted their attention to the footway, and devised all sorts of pitfalls and traps for the unwary walker. Deep trenches were devised into which he could fall headlong, and mud baths in which he might wallow undisturbed were craftily arranged in unexpected places. This phase of the electrician's excellent practical joke seems to have passed away, although he has left an uneven pavement and unexpected holes full of slush to remind us of his subtle humour. His boundless hilarity has, however, taken a new form. This time his exquisite facetiousness has been devoted to the refugees, and he has succeeded in making them more like a bankrupt builder's yard in flood time than anything else. In some cases he has pulled up the paving-stones, dug deep holes, and converted them into veritable Sloughs of Despond. In others he has obstructed them with long iron lamp-posts, which are so disposed that if you dart forward to escape being juggernauted by a hansom cab you trip over them and either break your leg or bark your shin. These practical jokes are doubtless very amusing, but the pantomime season is drawing to a close, and one is inclined to think if the fun is further prolonged we shall probably fail to see where the laugh comes in.

Who invented the cabman's shelter? This is a question I am asked, but I am not at all sure that I can answer it. I see Sir Squire Bancroft, in his speech at the cabdrivers' dinner recently, when he generously offered to provide a shelter on his own account, said that "cabmen's shelters were originally an idea of a member of his own profession, Mrs. Bateman." Other people have been named as the originators of the scheme, and it would be satisfactory if one could absolutely fix with certainty who was the means of introducing a system of such infinite benefit to the London cabman. The hardships of the drivers of four-wheelers and hansoms—especially at night—have always awakened my sympathy, and I have frequently written anent their grievances.



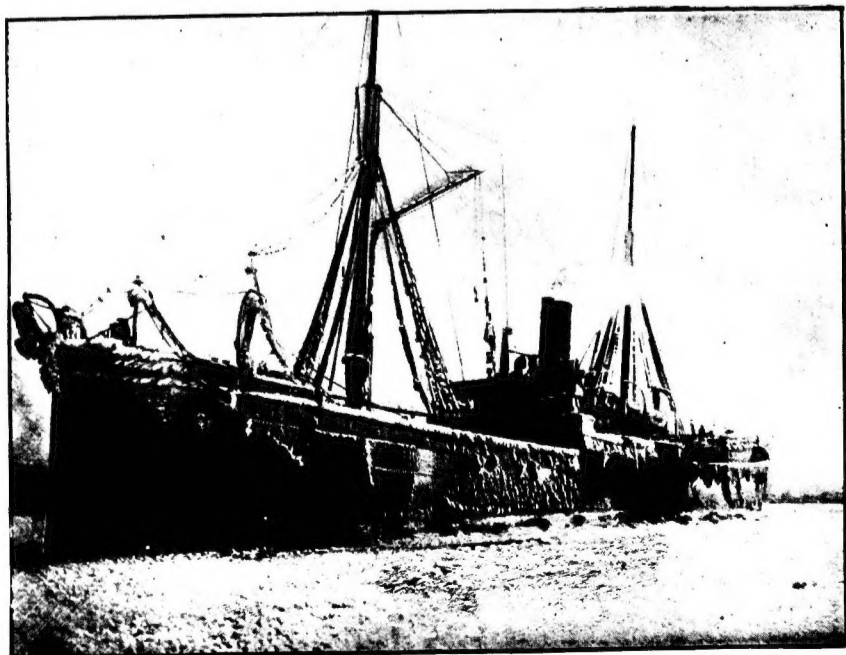
Another memorial has just been placed in the interesting old church of All Saints, Dovercourt, where the Queen recently erected a lych-gate in memory of the British soldiers buried in the churchyard, who died from disease contracted in the Walcheren Expedition, 1809-10. The German Emperor has placed a stained glass window in the church in memory of some of the German Legion who also took part in the Walcheren Expedition, and afterwards died at Dovercourt and were buried in the churchyard.

A MEMORIAL WINDOW FROM THE GERMAN EMPEROR

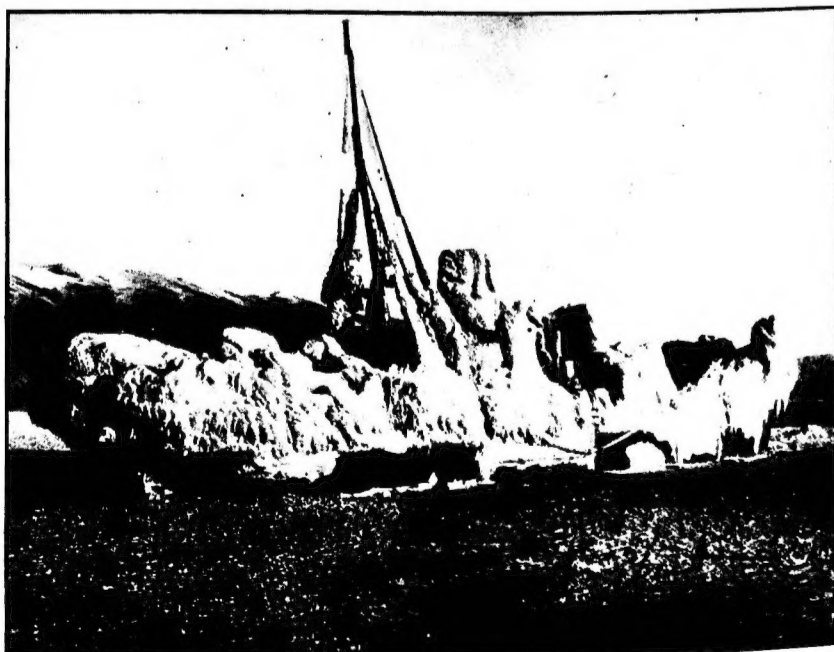
Long before the shelters appeared in our London streets—more than twenty-five years ago—I wrote in *The Graphic* concerning the cabman, "Why is he compelled to slumber on the box, or snore within his cab, after the tavern is closed? There seems to be no reason why there should not be small weather-proof rooms, where he could cook his supper, read his newspaper, or sleep, and anyone who required his services might summon him by ringing a bell. If, as we understand, the authorities have no power to grant the use of the public highway for such a purpose, it is a pity that energetic measures are not taken in order to enable them to bring about an improvement which would be so manifestly to the advantage of everybody." It was, I fancy, some years after this that the notion was again agitated in the *Globe*, the objections of the authorities were overcome, subscriptions were invited, and the whole scheme properly organised and placed upon a firm basis by the energy and thoughtfulness of Sir George Armstrong. There is no doubt whatever that the erection of these shelters have been an inestimable boon to the cabmen, and it would be an interesting thing to learn to whom they are indebted for the original idea, the date of building of the first shelter, and the number now in existence of these useful retreats throughout London.

A Blizzard in Novorossisk Bay

NOVOROSSISK, writes a correspondent, is a Russian port, situated at the head of the bay of the same name, on the Crimean shore of the Black Sea. It has the appearance of being a little haven of rest, but in this case, as in many another, appearance is deceptive, for the bay is subject at certain seasons, especially in winter, to winds of terrific violence. These storms are usually of short duration, seldom exceeding twenty-four hours, but it was my misfortune to experience the full brunt of one, the first of which had never occurred within the memory of the oldest inhabitants. Our ship, the s.s. *Cervin*, arrived and anchored in Novorossisk Harbour. The wind at the time was blowing strongly from the north-east. The tops of the hills were completely enveloped in a dense mass of white clouds. The wind continued freshening during the day, and, before night, was blowing a strong gale. In the afternoon a small passenger steamer, the s.s. *Ingor*, belonging to the Russian Navigation Company, arrived and anchored ahead of us, and close in to the western shore. All night the wind increased in force, until, when daylight came, it was blowing with the violence of a hurricane. In the afternoon it commenced to freeze hard and to snow. The wind was so strong it was impossible to walk upright on any exposed part of the decks. To get about we had to go down flat on the decks and pull ourselves along by whatever was within reach. All night the snow continued—decks, masts, and rigging were thickly coated with it. As it fell it froze and turned to ice. Ropes and small cables broke from sheer weight of the ice on them. The air was so full of this driving snow that it was only at rare intervals we could catch a glimpse of the ships lying at the wharves on the one side and of the breakwaters on the other. At daybreak the Russian steamer drifted past us. We could not see at the time what became of her, but we were certain she would drive on shore. This we afterwards found to be the case. Our own position was now becoming dangerous in the extreme. We found that we were dragging our anchors, and slowly but surely getting nearer to the breakwater. Another danger that threatened us, and one which was all the greater that it slowly and silently beset us as to be unperceived, until it had obtained great proportions, was this—we were sinking. Every spray as it struck the ship froze there, until our sides were coated with ice to a thickness of several feet, and the weight of it was gradually sinking us. Under these circumstances we passed the long night. At last daylight came; but it only seemed to make our position appear more helpless. There was no sign of any abatement in the weather, the weight of the ice was increasing on us, and there, through the driving snow, we could see the dreaded breakwater covered with ice and the seas continually washing over it, not half a ship's length away. There was now only one chance left of saving ourselves and the ship, and that was to slip both our cables and run the ship on the beach. This we determined to do. The manoeuvre was not without danger, as there was so much top weight on the ship, through the accumulation of ice and snow on the sides, decks, masts, and rigging, as to make it possible that when the ship got the full force of wind on the side she might turn over. We got everything in readiness, and about 9 a.m. slipped our cables, and, under full steam, made for the beach. The bottom was sand, and we took the ground very gently, no damage was done to the vessel. After we beached the ice began to form rapidly round us, and before night we were completely ice-bound. When we had time to look round it was a terrible scene of wreck and disaster that met our eyes. Steamers torn from their moorings alongside the wharves and driven ashore. Several small sailing vessels had been capsized and were almost buried in the ice that had formed on them. The Russian steamer, which had driven ashore, was more like an iceberg than a ship. The passengers and crew fortunately were all saved, but the chief officer afterwards died from the effects of the exposure. On terra firma the damage had been equally great. All telegraph and telephone wires had broken down. We got our ship safely off the ground and clear of the ice three days before New Year's Day, and on the third day of the new year gladly bade adieu to Novorossisk and shaped our course for warmer climes.



THE SS. "CERVIN" IN NOVOROSSISK BAY



THE SS. "INGOR," WRECKED IN NOVOROSSISK BAY

THE EFFECTS OF A BLIZZARD ON THE BLACK SEA



"Next day at the fair at Cree Bridge, Bell stood by the little jetty which protruded into the brown tidal water"

THE FITTING OF THE PEATS

By S. R. CROCKETT. Illustrated by R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.

CHAPTER VII.

WILL BEGBIE HAS A SORE HEART

ARRIVED at the outer air, Bell went in search of Will Begbie. She would find him, she was sure, at the New Farmtown, where he resided with an old housekeeper, by name Tibby Lee, and a shepherd or two, whose duties kept them all day on the hill. But upon her arrival there she found silence in the wide spaces of the yard, broken only by the "chunnery" of the hens in their dust baths under the bank. Silence dominated the house when Bell stood on the steps and called "Will!" Then, when at last she mustered courage to open the door by lifting the iron latch with its new-tangled broad thumb-piece, her call of "Will, I want you!" was answered only by the pushing back of a wooden chair as Yarrow, his half-blind old collie, rose from beneath the kitchen table and came inquiringly to the door.

But Yarrow could not inform Bell where his master was, though he thrust a moist nose of sympathy into her hand, so she had to seek further. On a bench in the new barn was a tankard from which she had been so recently drained that the yellow froth bubbles had not yet had time to reach the bottom. The girl's voice rang through the wide dusky spaces from threshing-floor to rafters.

"Will—Will—O Will—I want you!"

But through the open door which looked out among the late blossoming trees of the orchard, the echo answered mockingly "Want you!"

Bell next skirted the office houses to a little rocky knoll from which she could discern both the old and the new farm-towns of Larbrax, and also the house of Millwharchar lying higher up the valley.

But Will Begbie was not to be seen. The sound of a gun or pistol, dull and far away, alarmed her, and she set her hand to her heart. Was the guilt of shedding innocent blood to fall twice in one day upon her father? Or had the violent man perished in his own violence, as Bell had often heard it prophesied in the kirk.

The girl was heartsick and distressed. She thought with a sharp self-reproach, mingled with a wild pleasure of how the young man in the tarnished officer's dress had helped her with the peat-fitting. She recounted to herself (after the manner of women) how often

their hands had touched each other, and especially she recalled again that quick, backward fling of the head as often she broke the crust of his formality with her daring pleasantries.

"It is all Will Begbie's fault—he ought to be here when I want him—Lord knows he is often enough in the way when I don't!"

"Will Begbie is here, Mistress Isobel!" said a tall, fresh-complexioned youth attired in the sober costume of a well-doing yeoman. "In what can I serve you?"

"Indeed, Will Begbie, there is much that you can do," said Bell, dashing into her explanation before she lost courage. "My father shot a young rebel, and I have had him carried to the old barn over by there. He lies in the secret laft. You do not mind, do you?"

Bell lifted up beseeching eyes wet with recent tears to the youth who stood before her. He in his turn set his fingers underneath his bonnet sideways, and tilting it a little, scratched his head with a quaint perplexity.

"A dead man—a murdered man in my barn, and your father did it?" he said with an appreciable interval between each statement.

"Neither a dead man nor yet, even if he had been dead, a man murdered by my father. He is a rebel officer, and came to ask succour. It was my fault. I brought him. But my father, being an angry, hot man, would not listen to a word, and gave him only half a minute to cry 'God save King George.' Then when he would not thus be hurried into loyalty, my father shot him down. So I have brought him to you, that you may look after him and then help him to escape from the country."

Will Begbie shifted from one foot to the other uneasily. "Bell," he said doubtfully, "you know not what you ask. It is rank treason to conceal a rebel, and it might go against my neck were it known. Besides I am a good King George's man, and so was my father before me."

Bell flashed a small key from her pocket, and leaping to her feet and thrusting it under his nose, she cried out indignantly, "Here, take it—there is the key of the secret laft. Go and betray the man that trusted you, betray me that thought better of you than any of her own folk. Go and bring the red soldiers up from Creebridge. But never from this day forth look the road Bell Mac Lurg is on, till the day you die the death of a traitor and a spy!"

The colour faded gradually from the fresh rustic face with its honesty of purpose and plainness of intent.

"Nay, Bell," he stammered, "I meant nothing of the kind. I was just a little taken aback at the first go off. I will never betray any that trusted me. I will go and see the man now. Will you accompany me?"

"Thank you, Will. I knew you would see reason. You always can be convinced. But before you go, can you think of any kindly silent man with the skill of a surgeon? There is none that I can remember but Dominic Duncan Robison over at the clachan. He has the name of great skill. Can you advise me if with his official position we could count on his holding his tongue in the matter of the rebel?"

The slower wits of Will Begbie revolved the problem a while and looked at it from all points. "I think it would do," he said. "They whisper cannily that Duncan, being a Highlandman himself, hath a warm side to the King over the water. At least I am sure he would deal kindly with the old man."

"I said not that the rebel was an old man, Will," said Bell quickly; "he is not so very old."

"I will go and see him," said the farmer of Larbrax with less exuberance of spirits than he had hitherto shown. And this time he did not invite Bell to accompany him.

They walked together, however, to the old farm town, and then Will Begbie went up alone. When he came down ten minutes after his face was altered. It was sterner, older, as if he himself had been wounded to the death.

"I will do it, Bell," he said, "but mind it is for your sake I will help this man to escape out of the country."

"And partly for my own!" he added to himself.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SEED FOR NEXT YEAR'S GARDEN

BELL's father did not return to Millwharchar till late at night, and when he came in none dared ask a question of him as he set himself down by the fire, now gloomily staring at the sullen glow of the peat ashes and now rubbing briskly at the blade of his Andrea.

Suddenly he flung a question at Bell, and the lads, who sat by the slender illumination of a candle pretending to read, trembled till their chap books shook like willow leaves in a westerly wind.

"What came of the young rebel that I shot?"

Bell had been expecting the question ever since she had heard her father's step on the threshold, and she had been prepared for it long before that.

"Some ill-looking gangrel lads came down from the hills and carried him off, we knew not where," she answered, looking at Alec and John, daring them to say a word.

"Some of Hector Faa's crew of rascals, I doubt not," grumbled her father. "Hark ye, Mistress Bell, never let me hear of you passing word of mouth with any belonging to that gang, or I will banish you from my fireside, never to return."

"Yes, father," said Bell meekly, thinking that in certain circumstances she could imagine worse fates than such perpetual exile.

Under the skilful leechdom of the dominie, who proved as silent and willing as Will Begbie had foretold, and the bright occasional visits of Bell to his lonely garret, the wounded man recovered quickly. But Will Begbie never went from home to kirk or market all the time that Adam Home lay in the secret loft above the old barn. And only on one occasion did Bell see her invalid alone. So anxious was Will to preserve him from intrusion and guard him from all excitement that he frequented the old farm town more than he had done in twenty years, and his appetite became so insatiable and abnormal that his ancient housekeeper Betty was heard to declare that "she kenned na what had ta'en Maister Willie—for that it wasna ae meal o' meat that he could eat, but three a' at a doonsittin'—and never a crumb left to show for it!"

The solitary exception to Will Begbie's unsleeping watchfulness chanced on the afternoon of the day before Adam Home and his friend Glenmorrison were to sail as castaway foreign sailors of no particular nationality in a lugger which was putting out from the Ferry Port of Cree. Will had been called away suddenly by a message that one of his horses had fallen into a moss-hole on the march between Laurbrax and Millwharchar Moor. The message was brought by John Mac Lurg, and its genuineness was somewhat suspect owing to the fact that John was seen to spend one silver crown on a new thistle buckle for his bonnet and another on parti-coloured ribands for the lasses over at the elchan that night, where as it happened a travelling chapman was displaying his wares and driving a brisk trade.

At any rate the horse was definitely and indubitably in the bog, and had to be extricated with ropes. Nevertheless so strange is chance that before Will was over the hill Bell Mac Lurg had set John to guard the approaches of the old farm steading and had gone up to say farewell to Adam.

She found him wearing a coat of Will Begbie's, while his own, carefully mended and brushed, hung on a nail behind him. He was pale, but was able to rise so far as the low rafters would allow him to greet her entrance.

"You are going to leave us to-morrow," said Bell after the pause that follows most salutations; "how glad you must be!"

"I shall indeed be glad that I am again to see the sky and breathe the unconditioned air," he said, dropping into his old ornate diction; "but I grieve that I can receive no more such angel visits as this. I can never repay that which you have done for me. But neither will I ever forget. In happier times I shall return. There are even now good friends in high place who urge me to make my peace with the Government. Also I think that they themselves will soon have had enough of the axe to satisfy even Hanoverian tastes."

Bell and Adam Home sat on two stools looking at each other, awkward as a couple of school children left alone when the master is out and they know not when he will return.

A light quizzical smile came over Adam's face.

"If I come back next year in time for the peat-fitting, will you give me the rest of my lesson?"

Bell was silent, but a deep flush slowly covered her face.

"Do not—" she said; "be a little generous. You are a great man. I heard Hector Faa call you 'my lord.' And though after a fashion you explained his words, yet I have not seen you so much without knowing that you belong to a different world from that in which we simple folk of Galloway dwell. Leave us alone to our dull lives. We have done our best to help you to life again, as one Christian should help another. But do not come back. I pray you do not come back!"

There were tears in her eyes now, and Adam Home thought he had never seen them so large and beautiful, deep as the cloudless zenith before the sun-rising. He came forward and took both her hands.

There came a whistle up the stairs.

"Haste ye—haste ye, Bell," cried her brother from the ladder foot, "they have shifted the horse beast out of the mire!"

Adam Home stood by the plastered door. He held Bell's hands a moment in his. "I have not the right now!" he said, looking down at her lips and blushing face, "but when the roses bloom and the peats are fitted, I will come again, and ask for what I dare not take!"

"Ah, do not—" she began, but could get no further. For, with a courtesy such as she had only dreamed of, he lifted the fingers of the Bonnet Laird's daughter to his lips and respectfully kissed them. Then with a resolute hand he shut the door after her.

Next day at the fair at Cree Bridge, as Bell stood by the little jetty which protruded into the brown tidal water, a tanned foreign sailor with a red knitted cap on his head came limping past.

"Will you buy a purse, pretty lady?" he said, in broken English.

Bell knew the voice at once. It was that of Adam Home. But she could not find a word with which to answer him.

"I thank you," he said aloud, as if he had received a price, and, touching his cap, he moved away. She saw him get on board the lugger, which looked so slight and frail a craft in which to cross the wide seas to France, yet had proved herself capable by many a successful voyage to Fecamp and Le Havre.

The tide being full, the rope was immediately cast off, and with a favourable wind the boat moved off, while the wake whitened and followed like a furrow after a plough.

Bell stood on the quay and watched. The foreign sailor took off his red cap and swung it about his head. Bell's hand wavered piteously up in reply, but dropped again in a moment, as if ashamed of its own daring. Then, as she turned away, she eagerly opened the purse. It contained nothing but a withered white rose.

"What have you got there in that old purse, Bell?" said Will Begbie cheerily in her ear.

He had rid himself of the rebel officer, and, since he knew nothing of John Mac Lurg's vigil, his heart pulsed light and secure within his bosom.

"Tell me—what have you stowed away so secretly and anxiously in that old purse?" he cried again.

"Nothing but a seed for next year's garden!" answered Mistress Isobel Mac Lurg.

PART II.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BRIDGE OF AVIGNON

ADAM stretched himself wearily as he rose and looked about him. He had been sitting beneath the arid and insufficient shade of a grey olive, whose dustily silver leaves shivered and rustled and rubbed their edges together even in the windless noon of May with a certain curious suggestion of life not wholly vegetable.

"I wonder what keeps Glenmorrison," he said to himself; "he is always late nowadays!"

Adam Home heaved a long sigh.

"After all," he continued, "he has nothing else to do, so he may just as well take up procrastination as a business. There is no other advantage in being in this horrible place!"

And yet there were few scenes more beautiful within the bounds of the world than that upon which Adam Home looked down, as he shrugged his shoulders and blinked with eyes half closed in order to shut out the heat and the dust of that high glorious day in early summer.

He saw a red-roofed sunny city, full of Oriental suggestion, with wide balconies of scrolled ironwork and closed sunblinds. He looked upon a rippling river, spanned by an ancient bridge, somewhat ruinous indeed, upon whose broken arches the children joined hands and sang a quaint and moving ditty. And as the burgher folk went past upon the river bank and heard them, husbands and wives clasped hands instinctively and smiled at each other, always saying the same words and always moved with memories of the days when they too sang—

Upon the Bridge of Avignon,
We're dancing round,
Dancing round!

Beyond, lifting its yellow-white masses of building against a sky which was just beginning to take on its summer look of brass towards the zenith, extended the castle and palace of the Popes of Avignon.

But Adam Home was tired of the brilliant little southern city. He had grown to hate *Rome en poche*. He was tired even of the loyalty that kept him there, tired of drawing money drop by drop from a poor tenantry to lend it to a Prince, who, though far from ungrateful, immediately forgot that he had received it, and went off to expose his distresses to some other adherent suspected of having received a more recent remittance from home.

"At last!" cried Adam, without moving from the sparse edgewise shade of the dry-rustling olive leaves, and making a trumpet of his hands, "Glenmorrison, what news of him to-day?"

A tall, ruddy-faced, elderly man was stepping leisurely up the rocky path towards him, leaning somewhat heavily upon a stick, and occasionally stopping to wipe his brow with a great brown kerchief of the pattern of a Paisley shawl.

So soon as he came within the radius of retort, "*Him*," he panted indignantly, "him—as you call your Prince, sir, is for a wonder in the best of health and the worst of tempests."

"What," said Adam Home, smiling, and making room for his friend under the olive, "has he been fretted by the Government order to remove himself from Avignon, or has he not been able to borrow the money to pay his last week's market bills?"

"Neither and both, sir," said Glenmorrison grandly, and then, quite suddenly becoming familiar and dialectal, he added, "sit farther over, Aidam—ye are takkin' up every bit o' the caler shade—no that this God-forsaken whin buss gies us anything that can be rightly named a shadow. I wish to peace I was sittin' aneath a decent Scots fir in the forests o' Glenmorrison, watchin' the red deer comin' troopin' bonny ower the Balloch! Aidam, Aidam, what garred us no stick to that douce solid man, King George, and so sit siccar on our lands and heritages a' our days?"

"Glenmorrison," said Adam Home, clapping his hand on his friend's knee, as they sat close together in their doubtful patch of coolness, and watched the yellow sunlight in which the landscape simmered, with the Palace of the Popes rising stern and dignified in the midst, "Who was it that persuaded me first to join? Who brought me hither? Who pinches and screws that 'him' down yonder may have three pennies and a bawbee out of every good Scots groat that comes his way—who but Glenmorrison? Aye, and who would give up that last bawbee for a clap on the shoulder and a careless kindly word from Ye-Ken-Wha?"

"I ken—I ken," said the ruddy-faced man, shaking his head; "it's true, Aidam. But it's fair heart-breakin' to see him this day, sitting cheek by jow wi' the Dowager's waitin' maid, and cryin' every quarter hour for 'A bottle o' wine and fresh glasses!' Wi' never a thoct o' his faithful servants that have wearied their a' on him, but only colloquin' wi' Irish rapparees and penniless French rogues. It's a' that woman! We maun kidnap her, I'm tellin' ye, and send her aff to King Louis. He has sae mony siclike already aboot him that an odd yin or twa mair wad never be kenned! But she plays the mischiet wi' oor laddie."

"And think ye," said Adam Home, "that if the Walkinshaw were away that we wad get back the lad that fought at Gaeta like ten men and stood like a tall pine beneath the gathering banner at Glenfinnan? No, no, let the lass be, lest a worse thing befall!"

The elder man looked up with some surprise at his companion.

"Aidam!" he said, "what's gotten ye, Aidam? Has she been at ye herself? I thought that ye were wi' us in separatin' the Prince frae that woman?"

Then Adam Home spake more sharply than before—nay, even sternly. "The lass has paid her price for him, and a bonny bargain she has of it! Glenmorrison, I am sick of all this. I am going

home to Scotland—aye, though I put my neck in the hemp at Even Tower Hill were better than this miserable life of plots abroad and universal cat-and-dog at home!"

"Tut, tut, Aidam," said Glenmorrison, "this will never do. Ye need to be lanced, Aidam. MacWheem maun see to Nocht like blood-lettin' for curin' the megrims! Preserve us to speak o' gaun hame to the gallows wi' a score o' ill-set co' Henry Pelham's elbow, and that good uncle himself' aboot inducted into your estates and kindly heritages!"

"Glenmorrison," said Adam Home, "my life here is not wad docken leaf. I am sick of it—sick also, God forgive me, of the Prince——!"

Glenmorrison rose in a fume.

"I see—I see," he said; "you would play 'booty.' You would make your private peace. You have been in communication with the butchers of Drummossie. That is the secret of your defection from the Walkinshaw. Perhaps you have gotten the Dowager's waitin' maid to speak a word to her mistress for you. But, sir, you must not go to England without feeling the point of a true man's sword. Heavens, sir, I will fight you here and now for the words you have spoken!"

And the red-faced man strode to and fro, snorting and nodding his great head, and with his hand clapped threateningly on his sword. The younger man sat still, leaning his back indolently against the gnarled trunk of the olive, and for answer he cast a shapely leg over the other and stared at his silver shoe-buckle.

"Sit down, Glen," he said; "you and I cannot quarrel. We lay over long together in the cave on Millwharchar Muir. I stand of your elbow is in my ribs yet. Man, ye just could not sit in your heart to pink Adam Home with the selfsame hand that is used to be laid about my neck in the night time!"

The ruddy man, who had been fanning himself haughtily, flung down his hat in the dust and held out both his hands.

"Aidam," he cried, "ye hae seen baith a mad dog this day and a silly one too! Give me your hand, if ye can forgive me for my temper. It's a' my mither's fault for marryin' a d—d reid-head Heelantman!"

Then the young man, suddenly losing his nonchalance, rose to his feet with a bright smile on his face. He took his friend's hand, pressed it with a quick enthusiasm very unlike his previous unconcern, and drew him down again upon the roots of the olive.

"Sit down, Glen," he said; "this day is somewhat overhot for the emotions. If you are a fool, I am a whole company of them, and a merry-andrew to boot. For I know as well as you that I risk my neck by going back to Scotland. I have nothing to gain but the gallows. Yet, O man, I can hear in my sleep the grouse crawl in the heather as he fills his crappan, and the lang-nebbie whaup willy-whaain' doon to his nest in the gloamin'! Man, I'm away back to the cave on the Black Craig o' Dee. My heart is far sicker to see a trout loup in a pool, and to sit where the birks are bonniest and sweetest scented, and when the larches are hanging out their green tassels like ladies' favours!"

Adam Home uttered the last words with a kind of rapture, and Glenmorrison gazed at him in a dumb astonishment, which, however, slowly merged into an eye-twinkling kind of humour. But he did not speak.

"Good day, Glen," cried the young man, waving his hand; "I'm off to pack my hat-box. Make my adieus and obisances to the Prince, will you, if ever he asks for me? I will not interrupt him now!"

Glenmorrison watched him go, with a careless grace of carriage that had something almost dainty and womanish about it. Then the smile broadened on his face.

"Oho! Aidam, lad!" he murmured, "ye are sick to hear the whaup birlin' at his wild sang doon the wind, are ye? And every grouse cock that chunnens in a heather buss is happier than you! An' it's the springtime on Millwharchar Muir, is it? And the Walkinshaw, doon there" (he pointed with his hand), "is a purr lass that has paid her price, and your heart is sore vexed for her. Aye, aye! Aidam! Ow aye, Aidam!"

And Glenmorrison sitting with his elbows on his knees, leaning forward till his broad smooth shaven chin rested on the ebony handle of his cane, and watched the young man till he lost sight of the tall slender figure in the press of the country folk on mules and donkeys, all coming out of the city laden with their purchases and rattling the empty baskets of their ingoing merchandise.

"Aye, aye," he communed with himself, well-pleased at his own penetration, "I ken. I thoct it wad come. And it will tak' him the sairer noo when it has. There never was a Kilpatrick that could stand against a petticoat. And this yin has been lang in catchin' the fever. It will gang the harder wi' him for that! And a bit sick o' a country lass too—after haein' escapit a' the braw dames o' King Louis' Court!"

He rose after a while, stretched himself carefully, and with a slight halt in his gait began to descend.

"Awel," he mused as he went, "it's nae mainer o' us speakin' to the lad. He doesna ken what is the trouble wi' him. Andy laith, Guid forgie ye, Glenmorrison, ye are ower fond o' bonny bait craitur yoursel' to hae the right to flyte him! Aye," he added, chuckling, "and fond too o' the whaup willy-whaain' doon to his nest in the gloamin'!"

(To be continued)

OUR POLICE.—In an interesting article in *The Golden Penny* of the seventieth anniversary of the Metropolitan Police Force, Major Griffiths writes that the total strength two years ago was over 15,300 men, without including the City and the river police. Between 1840 and 1896 615,086 new houses had been built, making 12,279 streets and 104 squares, with a total length of 2,099 miles. In 1899 6,000,000 souls were included within the London bills of mortality, and the area supervised by the Metropolitan Police was 688 square miles of territory, the total length of police beats reaching 830 miles. To give some idea of the risks the police run in their protection of Londoners and their property, the same author tells us that in the Whitechapel division, where roughs abound, a fifth of the police contingent are injured annually on duty, and 9 per cent. of the whole force goes on the sick list during the year from the result of savage assaults.



Seldom or ever has there been presented a more brilliant spectacle than that which was presented, both behind and in front of the curtain, at Her Majesty's Theatre on Tuesday evening. The entertainment was that organised by Mrs. Arthur Paget and presented under the direction of Mr. Tree in aid of the widows and orphans of Her Majesty's Household troops. The performance commenced at nine o'clock with a series of tableaux entitled, *A Dream of Fair Western*. Then came *The Masque of War and Peace*, written specially for the occasion by Mr. Louis N. Parker, with music composed by Mr. Hamish MacCunn, and lastly there was a grand

patriotic picture of "Great Britain, her Colonies and Dependencies." The representatives of the countries marched majestically towards the centre of the stage where "Great Britain and Ireland" sat in solitary splendour, and grouped themselves round her. This tableau, which was the subject of our illustration, was wonderfully effective. Mr. John Davidson, author of "For the Crown" and other works, kindly wrote a special poem for Miss Muriel Wilson to recite in the character of "Cape Colony." The other figures in the pictures were personated by the Countess of Westmorland (Great Britain), Lady Claud Hamilton (British Columbia),

Mrs. Fritz Ponsonby (Pacific Islands), Lady Maud Warrender (Newfoundland), Lady Raincliffe (Canada), the Hon. Barbara Lister (New Zealand), the Countess of Huntingdon (Australia), Lady Feodorovna Sturt (India), Mr. Cyril Martineau (Malta), Miss Dorothy Jefferson (Cyprus), Mr. J. Scott Gatty (Gibraltar), Mrs. Hwfa Williams (West Indies), Miss Gladys Crozier (Rhodesia), and Lady Blois (Natal). In the course of the entertainment Mr. Tree announced that the gross receipts had been more than 6,500.

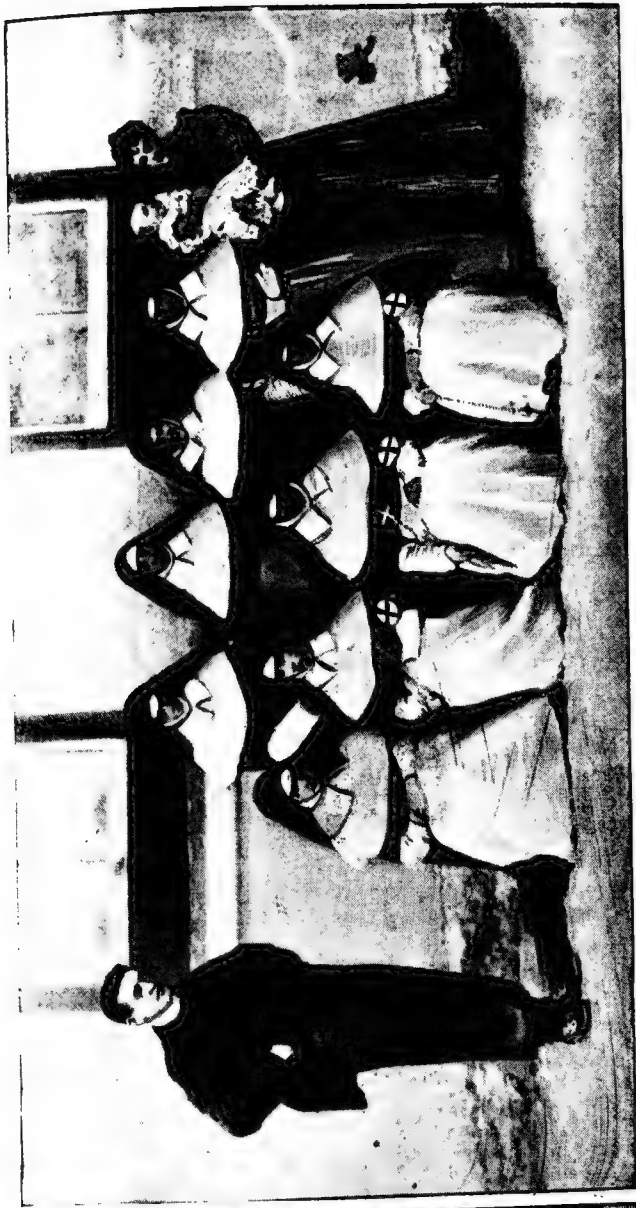
TO HELP THE GUARDS: A TABLEAU IN THE ENTERTAINMENT ORGANISED BY MRS. ARTHUR PAGET AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE
DRAWN BY F. DE HAENE



"Stone and sticks are scarce on the terraces," writes a correspondent, "but five-franc pieces come in very handy when you wish to show your dog's skill in retrieving."

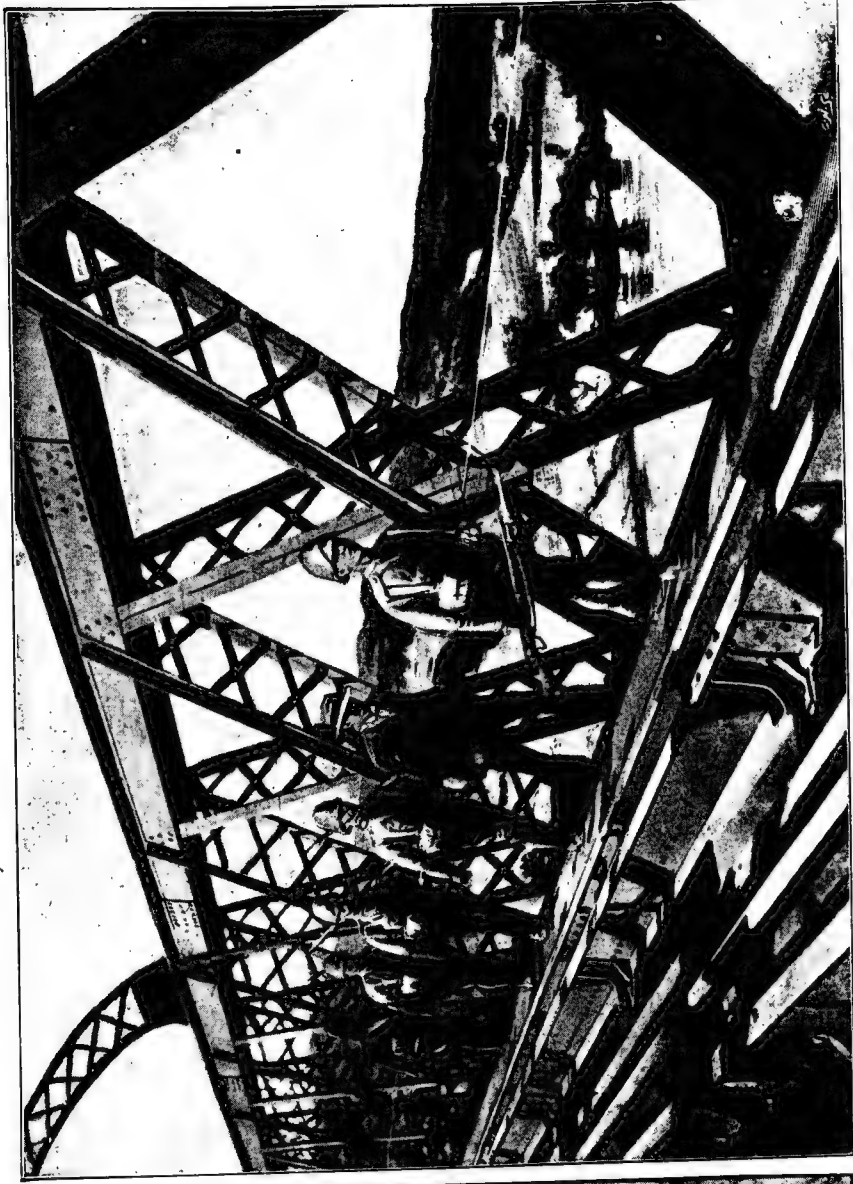
FOLLY AND FASHION AT MONTE CARLO: ON THE TERRACES

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVE.



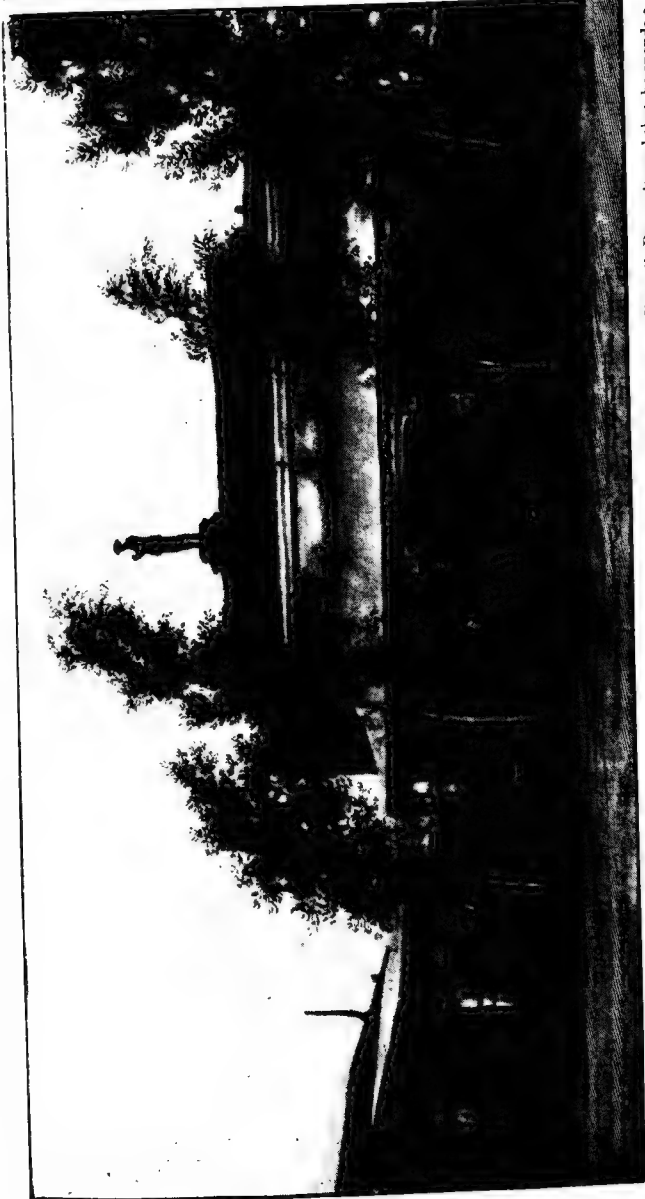
The Convent at Mafeking is used as a hospital for the wounded, but in spite of the Red Flag flying above it, it is often a target for the Boer guns. Our photograph, which is by J. Emerson Neilly, and was forwarded by runner to Bulawayo, shows a group of nuns outside the Convent. These nurses have been ably helped by volunteers in their work of mercy.

THE CARE OF THE WOUNDED AT MAFEKING



Orange River is the station on the line from the Cape to Kimberley. It is a village so called because at this point the river is crossed by the railway. A little to the west is Heilbrunn. Our photograph, which is by Lieutenant A. C. Crookall, represents a Boer prisoner taken because suspected of espionage, being conducted over the bridge by a corporal and four men of the "Fighting Fifth."

THE FIRST BOER PRISONER BROUGHT IN AT ORANGE RIVER



A Correspondent writing from Mafeking, and sending his letter by runner to Bulawayo, says of Colonel R. S. Ba en-Powell that he spends a good deal of time on a commanding parapet watching the enemy. The gallant Colonel manages everything in the beleaguered little town and keeps the garrison hopeful and cheerful.

A SNAPSHOT OF "B.P." AT MAFEKING



With that love of sports which is the characteristic of Englishmen, and which makes them play cricket and football in out-of-the-way corners of the world, there is a firm belief in the invigorating qualities of the morning tub. In our illustration, which is from a snapshot by Captain Leader, is seen an English officer putting this whole one practice into execution, and using a collapsible bath.

THE MORNING TUB ON THE VELDT

Chronicle of the War

By CHARLES LOWE

Buller's Third Failure

THE past week afflicted us with feelings of suspense similar to if not perhaps quite so acute as those which kept us on the tenter-hooks of hope and fear during the Spion Kop days; and now Vaal Krantz has taken the place of Spion Kop. When General Buller assured his troops, after their return across the Tugela from Spion Kop, that he had his eye, if not perhaps his hand, on the key of the road to Ladysmith, and that they would be there within a week, it is to be presumed that he alluded to Vaal Krantz; but far from turning out a key of the kind referred to, this kopje, or hill spur, proved to be but a sort of shell and bullet-swept glacis of the Boer mountain fort between the Tugela and Ladysmith, across which Buller found it impossible to advance. His telegram in explanation of his failure was followed by another despatch from him enumerating the casualties which had resulted from this, his third attempt to reach beleaguered Ladysmith—casualties which aggregated 368 from the 5th to the 7th inst., being twenty-six killed (including two officers), 336 wounded (including fifteen officers), and six "missing."

Yet this much had to be owned, even by the Boers, that Buller's second crossing of the Tugela was very skilfully effected. All the correspondents eulogised it as a masterpiece of tactics. The Boers, for once in a way, were completely deceived by the feint attack which, under cover of a tremendous artillery fire—that "caused the hills to smoke like volcanoes"—Buller delivered on his left, the while he pushed forward his real advance by a swiftly constructed pontoon bridge on his right, and rushed with great

Roberts at the Front

Hitherto all Buller's despatches have been addressed to the Secretary of State for War. But it was a significant fact that the curt telegram announcing his abandonment of Vaal Krantz came to us for the first time through Lord Roberts—a circumstance which had the double effect of showing us that his lordship had assumed supreme command on the Modder River (for his precise whereabouts was theretofore unknown, though he had left the Cape), and that he was now co-ordinating all the separate operations throughout the seat of war. A certain amount of mystery surrounds General Macdonald's expedition to Koodoosberg, which is said to have resulted in a loss to the enemy of 200 men. Our forces also suffered a considerable number of casualties, including the death of Lieutenant Guthrie Tait of the "Black Watch," who was well known as the amateur golf champion of Scotland. But at the same time it proved that the new commander of the Highland Brigade could handle it as skilfully on the Piet River as he had previously manoeuvred his famous Soudanese battalions on the Nile. Though quite fresh to Boer warfare, under the new conditions of magazine rifles and smokeless powder, Macdonald (who had been at Majuba) showed that he had already mastered the secrets of the new departure, and could be quite as "slim" as the "slimmest" of his foes. On returning to Methuen's camp he received the heartiest congratulations of Lord Roberts, under whom he may be said to have commenced his career as a colour-sergeant in Afghanistan. His lordship also "speeched" the Highlanders, especially the "Ross-shire Buffs" (Seaforths), who had marched with him from Cabul to Candahar, recalling the glories of the past, and assuring them that they would now have a fair share in the task confronting the whole Army. Their march to Bloemfontein and Pretoria would not be a walk over, but they would soon be given an opportunity of

Victims of the War

SECOND LIEUTENANT CHARLES DUNCOMBE SHAFTO, in the recent fighting on the Tugela, belonged to the 1st Light Infantry. He was born on June 27, 1878, and joined the Durham Light Infantry on February 16, 1898. Our portrait is by Lafayette, Dublin.

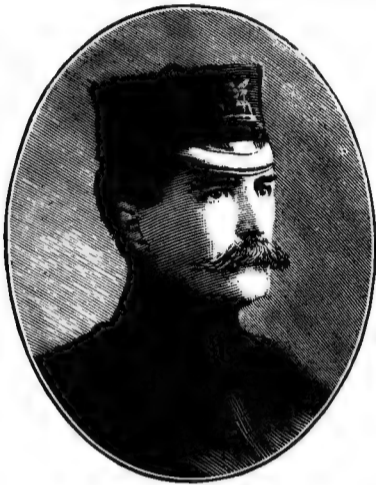
Lieutenant Humphrey Frank Pipe-Wolferstan, who was at Spion Kop, joined the Army in 1894, and was promoted to rank of lieutenant in 1897. Shortly after entering he served the Chitral Relief Force, under Sir Robert Low. He also served under Sir William Lockhart on the North-West Frontier in 1897-98. Our portrait is by Weale, Tamworth.

Lieutenant Henry Wiltshire Garvey, of the 1st Battalion Border Regiment, was killed in the fighting at Spion Kop, 24th ult. Our portrait is by the London Stereoscopic Company.

Lieutenant James Chase, of the 1st Scots Guards, who had suddenly at Modder River, was an officer who had risen from the ranks. He was born on July 29, 1858, and served in the ranks for nine years. He took part in the Egyptian Expedition of 1882, was engaged at Tel-el-Kebir. Our portrait is by W. Gregor Co., Strand.

Captain Wilfrid Arthur Hebdon, of the 1st Battalion Essex Regiment, who has died in De Aar Hospital of enteric fever, was nearly thirty-three years of age. He had seen fourteen years' service, but this was his first campaign.

Lieutenant Wellington Robert Paul Stapleton-Cotton, of the 19th Hussars, whose death from enteric fever has been reported from Ladysmith, was the eldest son of Colonel the Hon. Sir Southwell George Stapleton-Cotton, of Somerford Hall, New Stafford, second son of the second Viscount Combermere.



THE LATE CAPTAIN N. H. VERTUE
Died of wounds received at Spion Kop



THE LATE LIEUTENANT J. CHASE
Died at Modder River



THE LATE LIEUT. H. W. GARVEY
Killed at Spion Kop



THE LATE CAPT. D. MACLACHLAN
Killed at Venter's Spruit



THE LATE CAPTAIN W. A. HEBDEN
Died of enteric fever at De Aar



THE LATE MAJOR T. R. JOHN-ON-SMYTH
Killed at Spion Kop



THE LATE LIEUT. F. PIPE-WOLFERSTAN
Killed at Spion Kop



THE LATE LIEUT. ADAMS
Killed in the Battle of Ladysmith



THE LATE LIEUTENANT C. D. SHAFTO
Killed at Potgieter's Drift



THE LATE LIEUT. W. R. P. STAPLETON-COTTON
Died of enteric fever at Ladysmith

gallantry the hill called Vaal Krantz with intent to make the lodgment effected here a base for his further advance to Ladysmith.

Advantages of Ballooning

But alas! some further acquaintance with the position which his troops had thus so skilfully and gallantly gained showed it to be untenable. He found that the fancied key of the road to Ladysmith was a kind of bottle-neck through which his battalions must pass exposed to an artillery fire superior to his own, which would inevitably lead to a useless sacrifice of life. Buller himself is not a man by any means who lives in the clouds; but his balloonists, whose duty it is to do so, had discovered that the amphitheatre of hills into which he had thrust the spearhead of his force were dotted with guns against which his own artillery was powerless—pop-guns, in fact, compared with the long-range "Pom-Poms" of the enemy. "Our position," wrote Buller, "was exposed to fire from heavy guns that fired from positions by which our artillery was dominated." But, worse than this, "it was necessary, after seizing Vaal Krantz, to entrench it as the pivot of further operations, but I found, after trying for two days, that, owing to the nature of the ground, this was not practicable."

By Thursday morning, he had abandoned the attempt which he had inaugurated on the Monday in circumstances so brilliant and promising as to have excited the panegyrics of the correspondents in his camp. There were rumours that this third repulse of Buller—which must have vastly elated the Boers, though it does not appear to have in the least degree depressed the steadfast and invincible courage of Tommy Atkins—were to be followed by sturdy counterstrokes from his antagonists. But though it would appear certain that the Boers have made a raid into south-east Zululand, there is little likelihood of their crossing the Tugela in force on their far left with intent to threaten our line of communication with Maritzburg.

avenging Magersfontein. The cheers and shouts of "Bravo, Bobs!" which rent the air testified to the devotion with which the Highlanders were ready to follow their leader-in-chief to the death; and, according to all the omens, it will not be long before they are again called upon to do so.

Prominent among these omens is the fact that the foreign military attachés have now gone up from Cape Town to the Modder River, for where the carcass is likely to fall, there will the critical vultures be gathered together. Everything points to a speedy advance on the part of Lord Roberts, who has now assumed supreme command on the Modder. For the purpose of that advance Roberts is reckoned to have now at his disposal a complete Army Corps of about 28,000 infantry, 6,000 cavalry, and 100 guns—the cavalry being under the command of General French, who would appear to have been withdrawn from the Colesberg parts. Moreover, there has been a further shuffling of the cards of command on the Modder—as necessitated by the formation of a new Division, the 9th (though the 8th is still at Aldershot getting under weigh), which has been given to Sir H. Colville, hitherto in command of the Guards' Brigade; while General Pole-Carew is transferred to the Guards from the 9th Brigade, being succeeded by Colonel Douglas, an Aldershot staff-officer of high repute. This gives Lord Roberts two Divisions—Methuen's (1st) and Colville's (9th), while his third Division will probably be General Tucker's (numbered as the 7th).

A FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT:

"THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA"

IS PRESENTED WITH THIS NUMBER OF

"THE GRAPHIC."

his marriage with the Hon. Jane Charlotte, daughter of the second Baron Methuen, and consequently a nephew of Lord Methuen. He entered the Army as a second lieutenant in the 18th Hussars on March 18, 1892, being transferred to the 19th Hussars a few days later. Our portrait is by P. Metzler, Secunderabad.

Captain Donald MacLachlan, of the 1st Battalion of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, who was killed at Venter's Spruit, was thirty-three years of age. He received a commission as lieutenant in the 2nd Brigade of the Scottish Division of the Royal Artillery Militia on February 6, 1886, whence he passed into the 1st Dragoon Guards as second lieutenant on November 16, 1887, three weeks later being transferred to the 21st Hussars. This regiment being subsequently transformed into the 21st Lancers, he received his lieutenant's commission in April, 1890, was on half-pay from July, 1897, to July, 1898, and in the following November was gazetted captain in the 5th Dragoon Guards. Exactly a year since, on February 4, 1899, he was transferred to the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. Our portrait is by Chancellor and Son, Dublin.

Lieutenant Adams, of the Imperial Light Horse, was killed in the assault on Ladysmith on January 6. Our portrait is by E. Peters, Cape Town.

Major Thomas Roger Johnson-Smyth, of the 1st Battalion of the Durban Light Infantry, who was killed at Spion Kop, was in his forty-third year. He entered the Army from the Militia as a second lieutenant in the 106th Foot (Bombay Light Infantry), now the 2nd Battalion of the Durham Light Infantry, on September 14, 1878. In that and the following year he served in the Soudan with the Frontier Field Force. Our portrait is by Cummings, Aldershot.

Captain Naunton Henry Vertue, who died of wounds received at Spion Kop, was thirty-seven years of age, and had served with the East Kent Regiment nearly twenty-six years. He was adjutant of the regiment for four years until May 19, 1894, and three years later became A.D.C. to the Brigadier-General in Ceylon.

The Week in Parliament

By HENRY W. LUCY

Friday night the newly born vigour of the Irish members, by unwonted feelings of unity, made it necessary to invoke in order to bring to a conclusion the languishing debate. That done the way was made clear for the introduction of the anxiously looked-for proposals of the Government for the re-organising and strengthening of the Army. The business was transacted simultaneously in both Houses. In the Lords the Secretary of State for War took the floor. The House of Commons was in anticipation of another speech from his brilliant mouth. This was a concatenation of circumstances that had not occurred since the speech of last week. Then the Peers' Gallery was full. On that was the one gap in the crowded House. A little incident in the arrangement of the audience conveyed a personal compliment to the Under-Secretary. Before he made his speech the House resolved itself into Committee of Supply, which means that the Speaker leaves the Chair, the business being presided over by the Chairman of Ways and Means in an evening dress at the table. On ordinary occasions the Speaker thus relieved gladly makes his way from the House to his residence. On Monday he halted at the Treasury Bench, taking his seat there remained through the hour and a quarter of Mr. Wyndham's speech. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin. Looking at the gowned and wigged Speaker in these unwonted circumstances one could not help recalling the case of the waiter who, obtaining a rare holiday, went out to a comrade at an evening party. Lord Lansdowne was also favoured with an unusually large audience for what proved an exceedingly business-like statement.

The House of Lords, having nothing to do with the money arrangements of the scheme, sat in full Session to hear its exposition. This circumstance added the grace and dignity of the presence of the Lord Chancellor on the Woolsack. Beyond this, even audaciously competing with it in the matter of decoration, were the two long lines of Peeresses who garlanded the side galleries. Probably they did not understand much of the dry matter-of-fact statement of the War Minister. Certainly it was not an inspiring entertainment. But it was a great occasion. The thing to do was to be present at it, and British ladies never fail when duty calls in such direction. Accordingly the Peeresses came down in scores, yawned through Lord Lansdowne's discourse, and afterwards went on to the Lobby of the House of Commons, where they held little *Leves* with wide groups of acquaintances. It is noted as a sign of the times that their ladyships, accustomed when they come down to Westminster to be dressed all in their best, looked almost dowdy in their sombre-hued gowns.

It is agreed that Mr. Wyndham's speech, though not lacking in lucidity, fell short of the excellence of his earlier triumph. It certainly proved less successful. That was probably due to the inherent conditions. Whilst his first speech uplifted a cloud of gloom by showing that British military force at the Cape is far stronger than had been believed, the War Office scheme does not satisfy anybody. Straightway upon its disclosure what is known as the Committee of Service Members—that is the Generals and the Colonels—held a meeting at which they passed a solemn resolution declaring the proposals for Army reform inadequate, and desiring to make it clear that if they did not now oppose their adoption it must not be taken as implying full satisfaction.

A note of disappointment that struck a wider circle arose on the singular silence, alike of Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Wyndham, on the subject of measures for carrying on the war. What the public most of all desired to hear was how the hapless blundering attending the opening of the campaign in South Africa was to be compensated for, and repetition made impossible. On this matter Secretary

of State and Under-Secretary were dumb, and both Houses stared in amazement.

Another curious omission from Mr. Wyndham's speech was any hint as to the probable cost of the new scheme. Speaking again on Tuesday, he, with that frankness that endears him to the House, admitted that he had not told the Committee of Supply what amount of Supply would probably be needed, because, really, the Government didn't know. The scheme was so curiously complicated that anything like accurate estimate of cost was impossible. As he put it, part of the scheme is permanent, part is temporary, and a third part is permanent, but subject to contraction under certain contingencies. Since the Committee insisted upon his saying something on the question of cost, he put it down at an additional permanent charge on the revenues of about two millions a year, with a capital expenditure of a million and a half on barracks. This is avowedly mere guesswork. So is the counter statement current in private conversation amongst military members that if the taxpayer gets off with a permanent charge of less than five millions a year he will be an exceedingly lucky person.

Whilst in the Lobby there is an undercurrent of profound disappointment at the whole business, Ministers have the enormous advantage of a prevalent feeling of patriotism in governing the tone of criticism. Since the Colonels and the Generals are chiefly found on the Ministerial side, comment on the new Army scheme mostly comes from that quarter. It is sadly subdued and finds accurate expression in the resolution quoted, which has been formally presented to the Leader of the House. As for the regular Opposition they, by the mouth of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and others, have reiterated their readiness to concede anything the Government may ask in order to carry on the War. But they are chary of hastily assenting to the crude scheme of Army reform, and will probably decline to discuss it till, in due season, the Army Estimates of the year are presented.

That line of action will not affect the voting of the thirteen millions asked for, since of it something less than half a million is required for the initiatory stages of the War Office scheme.



"It may be that these sacrifices will be large. But I am convinced that we shall all remember that, thanks to like sacrifices made by our fathers, we have been able to turn our energies to the arts of peace. In memory of our fathers, and for the sake of our children, we shall not shrink when the call is made on ourselves"

THE ARMY SUPPLEMENTARY ESTIMATES: MR. WYNDHAM MAKING HIS STATEMENT
DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

Boomplatz and its Lessons

By MAJOR-GENERAL C. E. WEBBER

THE illustration is copied from a drawing lent by Mrs. Henry Vardon, whose father (the late Lieutenant-Colonel Evelyn of Wooton) was present as a lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade. It probably represents the third phase of the action, the last having been the final attack on a position behind the stream seen in the drawing.

Sir Harry Smith believed to the last that the Boers—about 800 strong, under Pretorius—would yield, and, with that idea, accompanied his advanced guard of Cape Mounted Rifles until he was fired on, and had to retire on his infantry, which consisted of two Companies of the Rifle Brigade, of the 45th and of the 91st respectively. Besides these he had Dyneley's three 6-pounders of the Artillery, some Engineers, and some loyal Dutch. His mounted force consisted of four Companies of the Cape Mounted Rifles (and about 250 Griquas)—total, some 800 European soldiers, besides natives. The Boers were under A. W. Pretorius, and numbered about 800 riflemen, all mounted, with one small 3-p under brass gun. The British loss was about fifty-three killed and wounded; the Boers about fourteen.

Now that the minds of the readers of *The Graphic* are intent to understand the lessons of the present warfare, it is not inopportune

about 1,000 yards—into account. As it was, but for the Cape Mounted Rifles an attempt of a party of the Boers to get round the left flank of Sir Harry Smith's force owing to their mobility would have been successful. Their fire effect within the 400 yards zone was just sufficiently weak to permit of the rush across it by the British Infantry—two-thirds of which was armed with Brown Bess—and the nerves of the enemy did not allow them to wait for the bayonet, more particularly with the facility afforded them of getting away on their horses. The proportion of casualties—one to four—also helps to an understanding of the conditions.

Science supplies the means, now as then, of ensuring victory, but it requires careful study, preparation, and training, on the part of the leaders.

It is sometimes said that the experience of our Generals in Indian, Zulu, and Soudanese wars, disqualifies them for what is called civilised warfare. That is another fallacy. The leaders, who are also students of the science of warfare, can value the factors of preponderance in various conditions, if the genius is in them, and it is the business of their lives to apply them.

The genius for war is not more frequently found in this science than in others, in which the best students—and in these days the most practical men—eventually become the great Professors. In exact science there is no accident in the selection. In the science of war, we have more practical experience than other nations, and yet how is it that our procedure is so unscientific? Is it not that the process of selection is accidental in its operation, and that we wilfully ignore the fact that war is an applied science?

reply to the article written by Sir Walter Besant in defence of Kipling, whom Mr. Buchanan had attacked. Sir Walter was enough, in speaking of Mr. Kipling as a war poet, to say that were worse evils than war, and Mr. Buchanan has no weapon which to express his indignation. He cannot understand the attitude of one "who is not afraid to echo at this hour of the mad platitudes which drove Englishmen into homicidal frenzy years ago. There are worse things than war, quotha? War things even than war beginning and ending in the lust for and the ardour of freebooters to grab the solid Earth?"

I take my stand on the belief that there is no worse evil than war, and that the talk of its power to purify a nation or an individual is the veriest delusion. Two blacks never yet made a white, nor any two wrongs a right. To disguise the truth under what phases we may, war is simply murder with a name. That is my belief, and if that belief is false, every word which I have written concerning Mr. Kipling is false as well.

Against this frenzied diatribe let us set the words of one who, if anyone a man of peace, and who never wrote a line without weighing his words for years—the late Professor Ruskin.

When I tell you that war is the foundation of all the arts I mean also the foundation of all the high virtues and faculties of men. It is very strange to me to discover this, and very dreadful—but I saw it to be quite an undoubted fact. . . . I found, in brief, that all great nations learnt their truth and strength of thought in war, that they were nourished in war, and were taught by war and deceived by peace; trained by war and betrayed by peace; in a word, that they were born in war and expired in peace.

IS CONSCRIPTION COMING?

The Fortnightly opens with a brief but telling little piece



The first Boer settlement on the north of the Orange River took place about 1828, being followed by the Great Trek of 1835-6. A few years later the Boers quarrelled with the resident Griquas, who were under the protection of the British Government, with the result that Sir Harry Smith annexed the whole country south

of the Vaal in 1848. The Boers, exasperated, took up arms under Pretorius, and were defeated at Boomplatz. The accompanying article shows why this battle may be called an object-lesson.

AN OBJECT-LESSON: THE BATTLE OF BOOMPLATZ

The War in the Magazines

WITH one accord all the serious magazines devote themselves to the present crisis, and readers may take their choice of a score of explanations of the present reverse. In the *Nineteenth Century* the late General Sir George Chesney makes a raid on the War Office. He wants sweeping reforms, but seems to doubt whether the business will be taken in hand until action is forced on the country by disaster—and disaster even greater than the present warning:—

Her ocean girdle may save England from falling into the depths of abasement which befell Prussia after Jena and France after Sedan; but if England be safe from the humiliation of herself lying prostrate under the conqueror's heel, yet the English Empire, spread over the world, is vulnerable at every point. But neither Prussia in 1806 nor France in 1870 was so culpably careless as we are now, nor invited disaster so plainly as we shall do if, after the warnings given, we recklessly suffer our military administration to continue unreformed, and a system to be maintained which every inquiry made into it shows to be utterly insufficient for the purpose it is intended to fulfill.

To the same review Mr. R. B. Townshend contributes a paper called "Some Stray Shots and a Moral," in which the moral is the importance of marksmanship, and he propounds a very easy way in which the youth of the nation may have simple but useful practice with an air gun such as one may buy for twenty or thirty shillings. His great point is the necessity of training the man behind the rifle to shoot straight, and a man who is in earnest with air-gun practice can very cheaply "make himself a sure shot and a quick shot at close quarters, or, in other words, he can ground himself thoroughly in the A B C of shooting."

WORSE THAN WAR?

To the *Contemporary* Mr. Robert Buchanan contributes a slashing

special pleading on behalf of the French as a nation, and in extenuation of their present attitude towards England, but some half-dozen articles bear directly or indirectly on the present crisis in South Africa. Of these the most striking is, perhaps, Sir George Arthur "Procrastination or Parsimony," in which he more than suggests that valour in the camp is now trying to atone for parsimony and hesitation at headquarters at home. Sir George sweeps away indignantly the suggestion that the granting of internal independence to the Transvaal precluded us from any right of interference with its armaments. When any State increases its armaments in a manner to menace its neighbours, an explanation is invariably demanded, and the position of the Transvaal made it impossible that its armaments could be directed against any enemy but ourselves. But passing from this, the writer comes to the question which the war has thrust to the front. What is to be done to make our Army adequate now that its inadequacy, as far as numbers are concerned, has been made so glaringly manifest?

Only two courses to this end are open—either to retain this system of voluntary enlistment at an enormous increase in costliness, or to adopt some modified form of conscription. It is as unfair to reject the one merely on the ground of a wholly imaginary stinginess of the British taxpayer, as it is to neglect the other on the plea that it would be an infringement of traditional British liberty. Successive Governments have generally found themselves behind, rather than in advance, of public opinion on questions of national expenditure for national defence. . . . The Secretary for War has himself hinted not obscurely that it may be necessary to make this requirement in the form of compulsory service in the Militia. The present is perhaps the psychological moment at which to develop such a scheme. If it were framed in a liberal spirit and made to include just exemptions—to be obtainable, for instance, by a determinate period of service with the Volunteers—it might be hailed with positive enthusiasm by Englishmen whose patriotism has been stirred to its very depths by the crucial difficulties which England has had to confront.

to precede my remarks by stating that there is no greater fallacy than one which is occasionally stated as a way of accounting for some of the results of the present war in South Africa, namely, "that all the conditions of warfare are changed." The underlying principles and fundamental conditions have not changed and never will change.

The formula are the same; it is the *factors* which change, the chief of which are the theatre of the war and the arms in use. The genius of the organiser and of the leader lies in the comprehension and application of these factors.

In the example shown in the illustration the country, the mounted Boer rifleman, and the British rifleman on foot (the Rifle Brigade had rifles) were the same then as now; the weapons are different.

The early experience of the General had been gained in the Peninsula, when the objective was to "get in" with the bayonet.

The zone of rifle fire in 1848 was not 400 yards, and loading was slow. The density of the missiles in the zone was probably one-twelfth what it is now, the width of the zone was one-sixth.

These factors bring home to the lay reader some of the altered conditions since 1848. A zone which it was then possible and not imprudent, according to the conditions of the ground, to attack across, is now changed to one that is prohibitory except by sapping.

In the present conditions of warfare in South Africa, the manner of attack that has been adopted is not only "frontal" but "direct," because the mobility of the Boers enables them to take rapid advantage of the ground, so that every direct attack by the rifleman on foot becomes frontal.

It can readily be understood that had each side been armed at Boomplatz as now the result would have been reversed, even taking the entire preponderance of the British artillery—effective at



DRAWN BY C. F. TIEP
 A number of Hindu families, left at Dundee (when General Vile evacuated that place) and children from the men, and send them down to Red Cross Camp, in the B. er lines. The men were to be kept here to do coolie work. When the moment for parting arrived, the most heart-rending shrieks and wails broke from the ranks of these wretched people—men and women alike. Hence they were taken in hand by the authorities, who decided to separate the women and children from the men, and it was only after an immense amount of persuasion that the women would consent to be separated from the men. This, however, was finally accomplished.

HINDOO REFUGEES IN LADYSMITH: SEPARATING THE MEN FROM THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. MAUDE

C. C. RIPP.



GEORGE SOPER.

DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER

Mafeking has won a reputation that will not easily be forgotten. Garrisoned by about 1,000 troops, mostly Colonial Volunteers, it has, under the able command of Colonel Baden-Powell, kept the Boers at bay

for months. Our photograph shows some of the gallant little garrison in the "G" trench and the lull of the shell fire, taking the opportunity to refresh themselves.

A LULL IN THE FIGHTING: DINNER-TIME AT MAFEKING



DRAWN BY F. WHITING

Watering horses is a duty the importance of which is always being impressed upon the minds of mounted men by their officers. In our illustration we have men of the Royal Artillery watering their horses below a

weir on the Modder River, and taking them into the foaming water. The animals do not run no risk of illness if they are not watered too early in the morning or too late in the evening.

WITH LORD METHUEN'S FORCE: WATERING HORSES IN THE MODDER RIVER



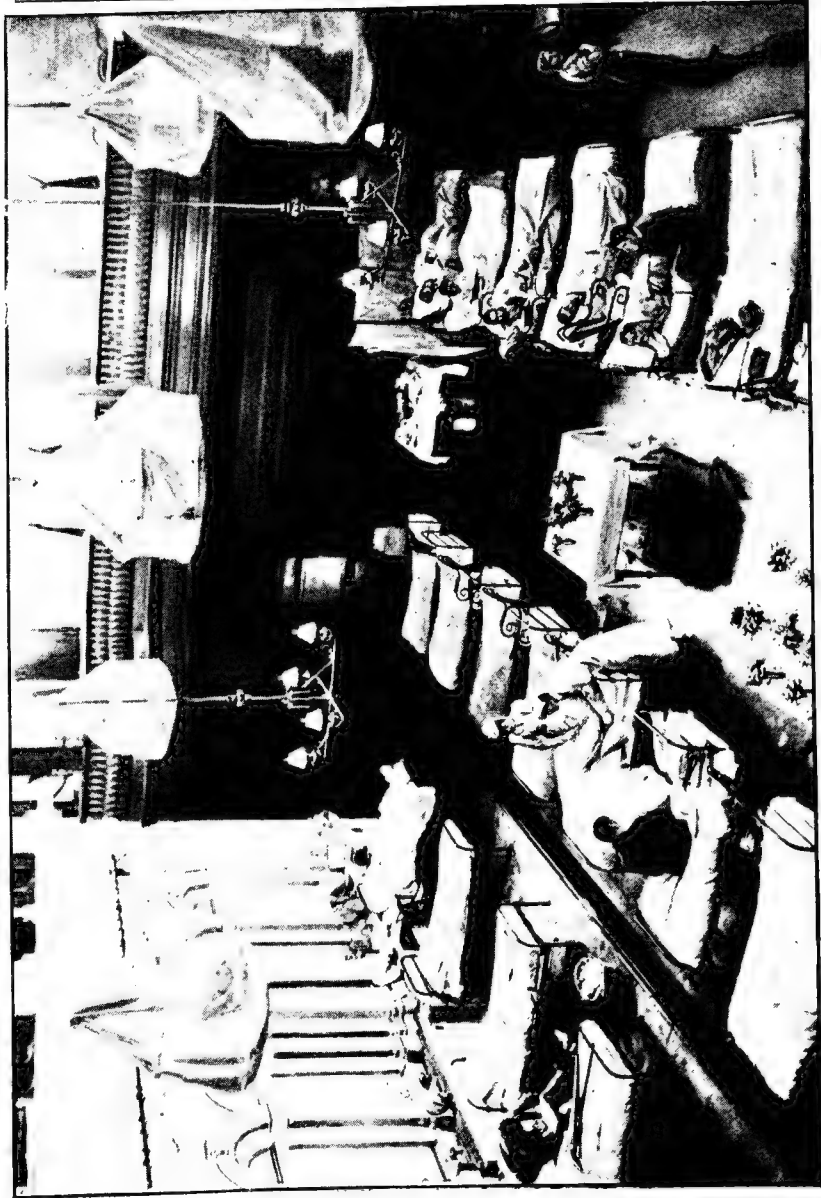
GENERAL VIEW OF CHIEVELEY CAMP, SIR REDVERS BULLER'S ADVANCE POST BEFORE THE BATTLE OF COLENSO

CHIEVELEY AND ITS ORIGIN

CHIEVELEY (pronounced Cheevlee) is where General Buller made his advance camp when he was pushing forward from Frere for his unsuccessful assault on Colenso. The camp station is about ten miles south of Colenso, on the line of rail to Pietermaritzburg, and it was here the army spent Christmas after the "serious reverse" on the Tugela, still confident in their general, and eager to have another try. To a sheltered place, three miles out of Chieveley, the wounded in the battle of Colenso were brought by train straight from the battlefield and attended to in the field hospital, under the supervision of Sir William MacCormac. Later operations have caused the centre of interest to drift westward, and Chieveley no longer figures as largely in news from the front. The story of Chieveley has been very interestingly told in the *Daily Telegraph*, whence we learn that the name Chieveley is derived from the ancient Berkshire village of Chieveley, about five miles from Newbury, in which Parish Arlington Manor, the well-known seat of Sir Francis Chieveley

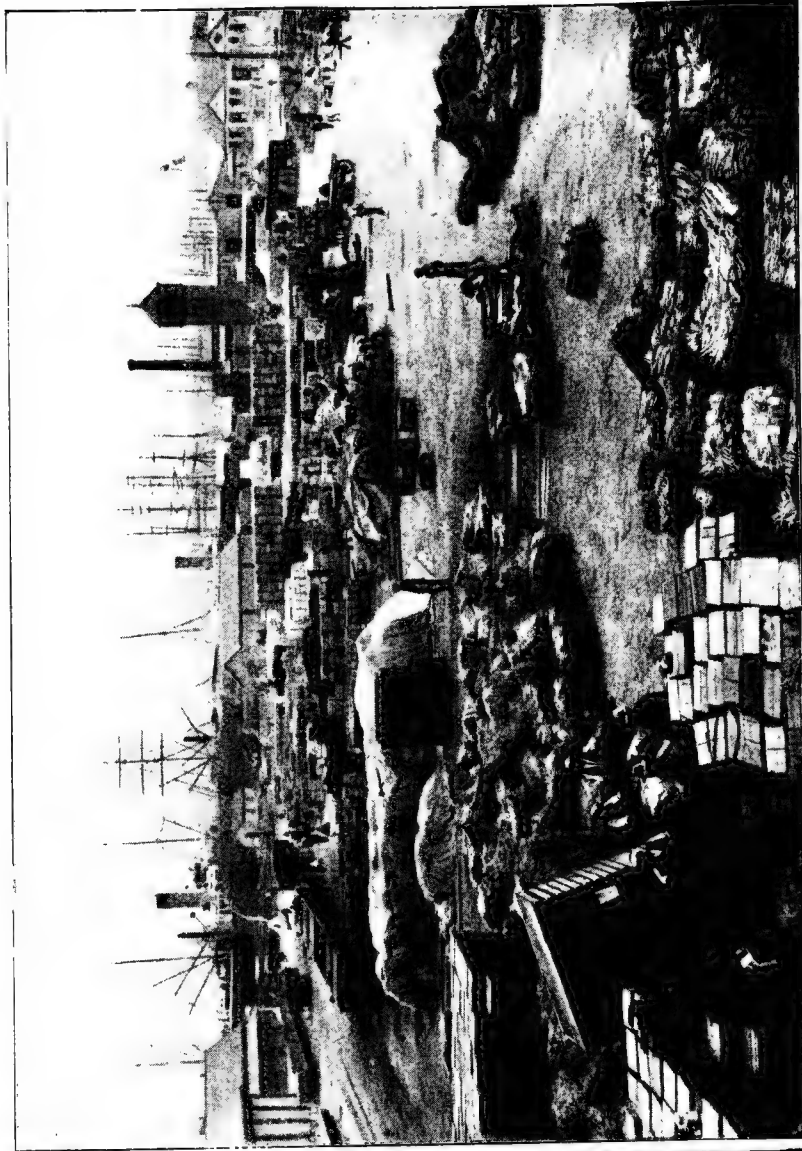
Jeune, is situated. The name was applied to this particular spot in Natal by Mr. George Moodie, a cousin of Miss Pigot and Mr. A. H. Pigot, respected inhabitants of Chieveley (England) at the present time. This Mr. Moodie was grandson of Major George Pigot, 9th Dragoon Guards, who originally lived at the Berkshire Chieveley, but settled at the Cape in 1829, taking out with him a number of emigrants from this district. His brother, General Pigot, died at Chieveley, being at the capture of the Cape of Good Hope in 1806, and was quartered in South Africa for many years. Major Pigot died, while Guardian of Slaves for the Eastern Province of Cape Colony, on June 20, 1830, at his residence on one of the numerous activities which adorn Graham's Town. In those days the Cape Dutch were regarded as treacherous, and as they oppressed the Hottentots, Kafirs, and other original inhabitants of South Africa, an appointment such as that held by Major Pigot became necessary. Several descendants of the Major's family are settled in Natal at the present day, and a sister of Mr. Moodie married the Dean of Pietermaritzburg. Sir Redvers Buller and many officers now serving in South Africa have been

visitors to Sir Francis and Lady Jeune in the peaceful Berkshire village of Chieveley, which, according to Mr. Walter Money, of Newbury, reminds us, has many interesting associations with the past military history of this country. It was here at the Blue Bear, an old inn, still standing, that Cromwell, who inspired the remarkable flank march of fifteen miles at the second battle of Newbury in 1644, was quartered for the night, and the next day completely routed the left wing of the Royalist army. In the chancel of the church there is a memorial to Major Richard Fincher, one of the most prominent of the Parliamentary commanders in this district, and a trusted friend of Cromwell. Tablets also commemorate several members of the Locock family, stout supporters of the King, one of whom had his estates confiscated on the charge of "having reviled the adherents of the Parliament, and threatened to ruin them if ever the King came in again." A direct descendant of this old Cavalier is still living at Chieveley. Our illustration is from a photograph by S. S. Watkinson.



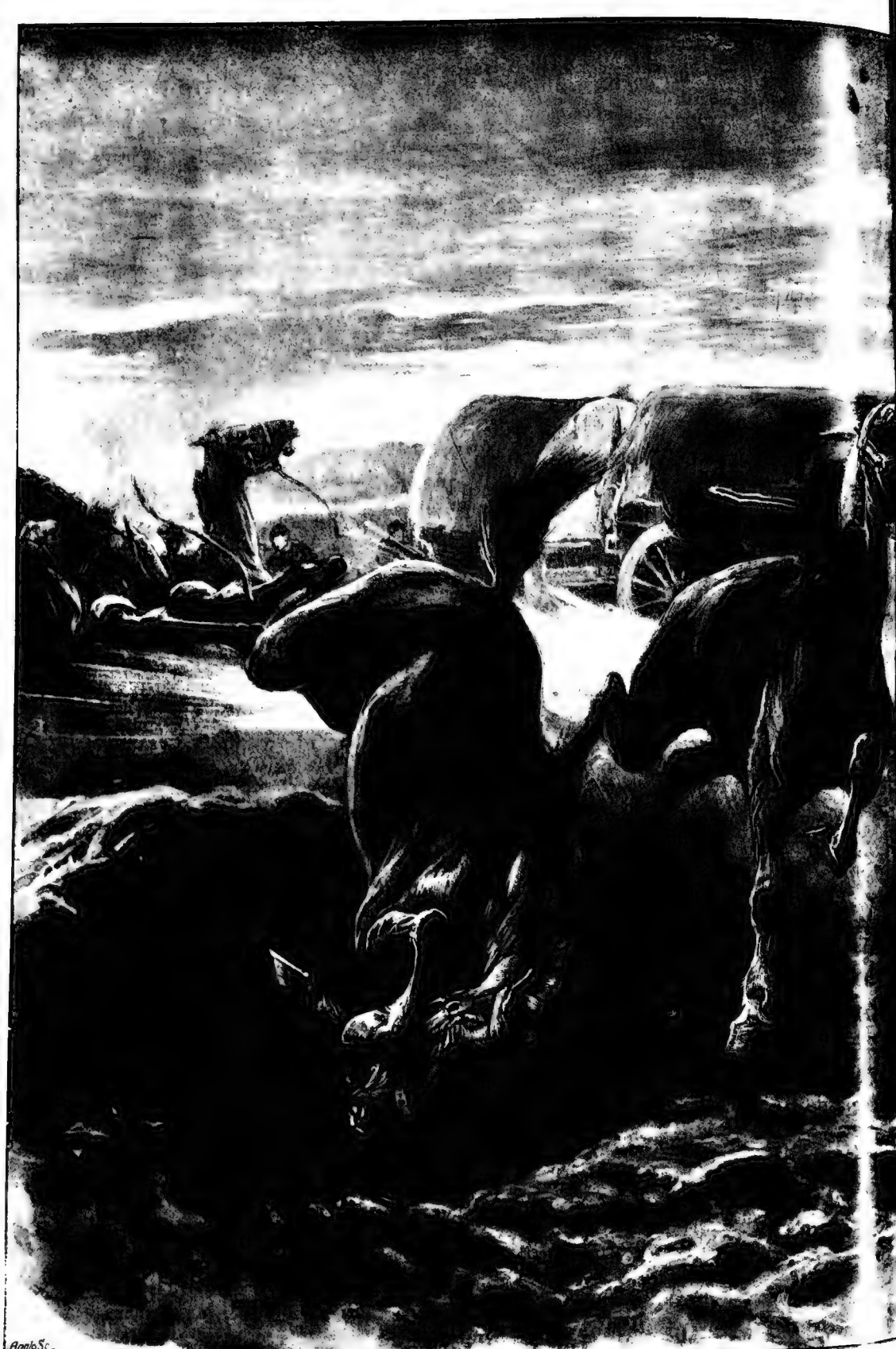
SEVERAL OF THE public buildings in Pietermaritzburg have been requisitioned by the Government to serve as temporary hospitals for the wounded. The Parliament House itself has even been taken over for that purpose. All the military hospitals have been inspected by Surgeon-General Sir William MacCormac, who left Cape Town for Natal immediately after the battle of Colenso, and superintended the care of the wounded after that campaign. Our illustration is from a photograph by our Special Photographer, Mr. Reinhold Heide.

THE PARLIAMENTARY HOUSE, PETERMARITZBURG IN A NEW CHARACTER



This square is usually kept clear, and used to relieve traffic from the main road, but owing to the military authorities taking over the sheds, the goods for civilians are all turned out into the open as is seen in the picture. The shed on the left-hand side is C. Steel, and was taken solely for the goods from the German prize-steamship *Imdusouth*, where all her cargo has been opened and examined. Our illustration is from a photograph by Harris W. Stranack.

GOODS TURNED OUT IN ALEXANDRA SQUARE, EGYPT, BY THE MILITARY AUTHORITIES



John Charlton

A STAMPEDE: AN EARLY MORNING SURPRISE ATTACK SPOILT

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

At the first sign of danger, the animals, in a panic, stampede. The result, of course, is a complete discomfiture of the attacking party. The would-be surrinder is himself terrified, and much talk and correspondence about the prevention of stampeding after our

they get so out of hand until at length they stampede. The result, of course, is a complete discomfiture of the attacking party. The would-be surrinder is himself terrified, and much talk and correspondence about the prevention of stampeding after our

part of two battalions through that cause. One correspondent suggested that a harmless slipping noose should be placed round each animal's neck, and let him

sensation of choking, and he will immediately stop his speed, and be tractable and amenable to the man in charge. If the horses attached to the vehicles were left unattended they could be stopped by an automatic action of the same overhauling method.

CAPTAIN M. S. DAWSON
(Notts Contingent)CAPTAIN G. KEMP, M.P.
(Duke of Lancaster's Own Contingent)LIEUT.-COLONEL R. G. W. CHALONER
(Commanding 1st Battalion)CAPTAIN A. B. CRABBE
(Queen's Own Worcestershire Contingent)CAPTAIN L. ROLLESTON
(South Notts Yeomanry)CAPTAIN W. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT, M.P.
(Staffordshire Contingent)LADY CHESHAM
One of the Chief Organisers of the Imperial
Yeomanry HospitalLIEUTENANT-COLONEL A. T. SLOGGETT
(Medical Superintendent Yeomanry Hospital)LIEUTENANT-COLONEL M. A. BURKE
(Commanding 2nd Battalion)MAJOR THE EARL OF DUDLEY
(Worcestershire Contingent)CAPTAIN GRAVES
(No. 1 Company Wiltshire Regiment)LIEUTENANT-COLONEL A. P. CRAWLEY
(Commanding 8th Battalion)LIEUT.-COL. BASIL E. SPRAGGE, D.S.C.
(Commanding 13th Battalion)

THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY

With the Refugees in Natal

FROM A LADY CORRESPONDENT

(Pictorialist's, December 29, 1899)

THE story of the war is one record of unparalleled bravery from the time the refugees began the flight until now. The Boers (of course there are many exceptions) as a people are steeped in ignorance, which has naturally bred cunning, suspicion, and treachery. Living practically apart from civilisation for over a century and a half, they had settled down in the conviction that they were the only civilised people on the globe, and that the few "Uitlanders" who from time to time settled among them were suspicious characters, as they were different from them in thought and customs. This state of matters went on until through the inertness of the farmers—all the Boers are farmers—and the greed and mismanagement of their rulers, the Transvaal literally collapsed. Then Britain came to the rescue, paid her debts, destroyed Secocoeni's stronghold and that of the other native tribes who threatened to overrun the country, in fact, set the tottering Transvaal on its feet, and then came in the grand mistake, gave it back to be the prey of Kruger and his oligarchy. From that time the race hatred increased, and for these last eighteen years the dream of the Boer has been the possession of Natal. Then came the development of Johannesburg, which gave the Boer Government an opportunity of revenging themselves for the good they had received from Britain, and poured untold wealth into the Transvaal Treasury. This

wealth, however, has found its way only as far as the pockets of the Boer rulers. The Boers are poorer to-day than they were ten years ago. Next ensued that unfortunate Jameson Raid, which was the match to the powder, and now has come the outburst, after eighteen years of preparation. Ammunition has been bought in unheard-of quantities, young Boers have been educated in Europe and England in the use of guns and manufacture of ammunition; these, with first-rate German officers and engineers, are now directing the Boer operations, and, I believe, are making their own ammunition. I see Stead, in the *Review of Reviews*, says if the money spent on this "unholy war" had been spent on the London slums, it would have been more to both the credit and profit of Britain. Did Stead know more of the inner life of the Transvaal he would have known it for as degraded a slum as London possesses; it is one vast slum, and nothing but war will cleanse it.

The unfortunate refugees are getting worse; those who had a little money are getting to the end of it, and are mostly a class to whom asking help is a physical pain. And then their homes are wrecked. In several houses that we know the Boers have smashed the furniture, bedsteads, piano, chairs—everything, have thrown the blood and entrails of animals over the walls, and have shut up cattle and pigs in the rooms and left them to die there. At the Roman Catholic Church at Newcastle they have torn the altar cloth and vestments, and used the holy vessels for the most vile purposes, and broken everything that would break. That is a specimen of how all the houses have fared. Maritzburg Hospital, the Legislative Council building, the college, the camp hospital and tents innumer-

able are full of wounded. Natal has risen to the occasion; not only our Volunteers, whose farms are going to wreck and ruin in their absence, but everyone has done something to help to relieve the distress. Old ladies and children hem handkerchiefs for the sick and wounded if they can do nothing else. I believe the Boer loss is more than ours in killed and wounded, but not in prisoners. By a private letter from Pretoria—how it came through puzzles me—the writer said the Boers were going from house to house commandeering sheets and anything that would make into bandages, which tells a tale. How differently we look on war when it is *our* war, and when any of our friends and acquaintances are killed! It is just intense suspense waiting to hear of Ladysmith's relief, and if they make a mistake this time God be with us! If it goes against us, I should not be surprised if our Colonial men took the matter in their own hands and flung martial law (it was proclaimed two months ago, and a good thing it is) to the winds and made an attempt on their own account. I have gone on and on, but all the suffering entailed by the war and all the destruction would take a volume. I will send some papers, but they are so indefinite and contradictory you are as wise when you end as when you began. They are all under military censorship. There has not been much of Christmas or New Year here, all are too anxious. I do hope there will be good news to-morrow. "Good news," that means victory, which means thousands of lives lost. I am sorry for the Boers, the Boeresses especially—half the Boers don't know what they are fighting for, the number of dead has been kept secret, and a Boer woman without her husband is like a man without arms. The distress in the Transvaal must be awful!

Military Spies and their Work

By HORACE WYNDHAM

It is doubtful if there has ever been a time in the military history of the world in which spying, of one description or another, has not been openly recognised (although, naturally, practised privately) as having an important place among the necessary arts of war. Thus, that there were spies in the hosts of Joshua is abundantly proved by reference to certain passages on the subject in the Old Testament. In the same way these persons formed part and parcel of the armies that followed Caesar and Xenophon in their various campaigns in Asia and Europe.

These examples, however, are perhaps a little old, and, therefore, it may be as well to cite instances that are rather more up-to-date. As the war that is being waged in South Africa at the present moment affords many of these, one can scarcely do better than describe how the spy system is carried on there by the British and Boer forces respectively. As a preliminary, the *raison d'être* of the military spy should be explained.

Put briefly, this amounts to the obtaining, unknown to the opposite side, of as much information as possible concerning the enemy's strength, disposition, and future intentions. Opportunity should also be taken at the same time to glean some particulars about the topographical features of the ground he is occupying, together with any other items of intelligence likely to prove of value.

Previous to the outbreak of hostilities, the duty of gathering knowledge on these points devolves upon the Intelligence Department of the Headquarter Staff at home, and, with this end in view, a large number of officers are continually employed all over the world. Of course, they are not termed "spies," the more delicate euphemism "military attaché" being made use of instead. As it practically means the same thing, however, it is difficult to see that very much is gained thereby. The fact is, whatever they happen to be called, their work is the same, viz., to furnish the War-Office with as many details as they can procure concerning the military forces of the country in which they are conducting their investigations. On their arrival in England, these reports are carefully examined, and, according to the facts disclosed therein, steps are taken to increase the efficiency of our Army.

This, at least, is the theory of the scheme; its practice, however, does not seem to be altogether satisfactory. At any rate, it is beyond dispute that when the present Transvaal Campaign commenced, three months ago, the authorities in Pall Mall were lamentably ignorant of the military resources of the enemy. In addition to this, their knowledge of the prospective theatre of war even was not correct, for recent events have shown that the positions of several places in Natal have been wrongly marked in the maps that have been compiled by the Department. It was surely of such a state of things as this that Shakespeare was thinking when he wrote "O! where hath our intelligence been drunk? Where hath it slept?"

When hostilities have actually commenced, the task of obtaining information on the foregoing points is vested in the hands of an entirely new staff. It is known as the Field Intelligence Department, and is officered by picked men in every sense of the term. The utmost secrecy is invariably observed as to the composition of this staff, and as far as possible the names of its members are withheld from the remainder of the troops.

In order to further this plan, such officers usually figure in the *Gazette* as holding appointments as aides-de-camp, or else are conveniently and simply described as being on "special service."

These persons, however, are the *élite* of the espionage department in the field, for what would be called the "dirty work" of the system is performed by quite a different class of individuals, viz., from among the inhabitants of the enemy's country. Their services are frankly bought, and thus there can never be any pretence about

such people's actions being animated by a desire to further the cause of right. As a result, their disclosures have to be received with extreme caution, for there are few of them who would refrain—should the opportunity present itself—from receiving pay from both sides. Lord Wolseley, in writing on the subject, draws special attention to this danger, and remarks: "The management of spies is difficult; out of every ten employed, you are fortunate if one gives you truthful information. . . . All should be petted and made a great deal of, liberally paid and large rewards given them when they supply any really valuable information."

along with the conviction that 'honesty is the best policy,' that truth always wins in the long run. These pretty little fellows do well for a child's copy-book, but the man who acts up in war had better sheath his sword for ever. . . . And a general must make up his mind to obtain information at the cost of leaving no stone unturned in order to do so."

Although the terms "spy" and "traitor" are frequently used, a great difference exists between the two. Thus, while a soldier who conducts his business without resorting to treachery is a traitor, on the other hand, is not affected by any such

According to so much authority as Guéllé, the definition of a spy—in a sense—is a person who distinctly searches for information. Much the same is held by Halleck who describes him as being one "is found in a district occupied by the enemy collecting, in disguise, information respecting his condition and designs, with a view to communicating information to the opposing army." Hence, a soldier in uniform never comes within the category of a spy, even if he be captured within the enemy's lines.

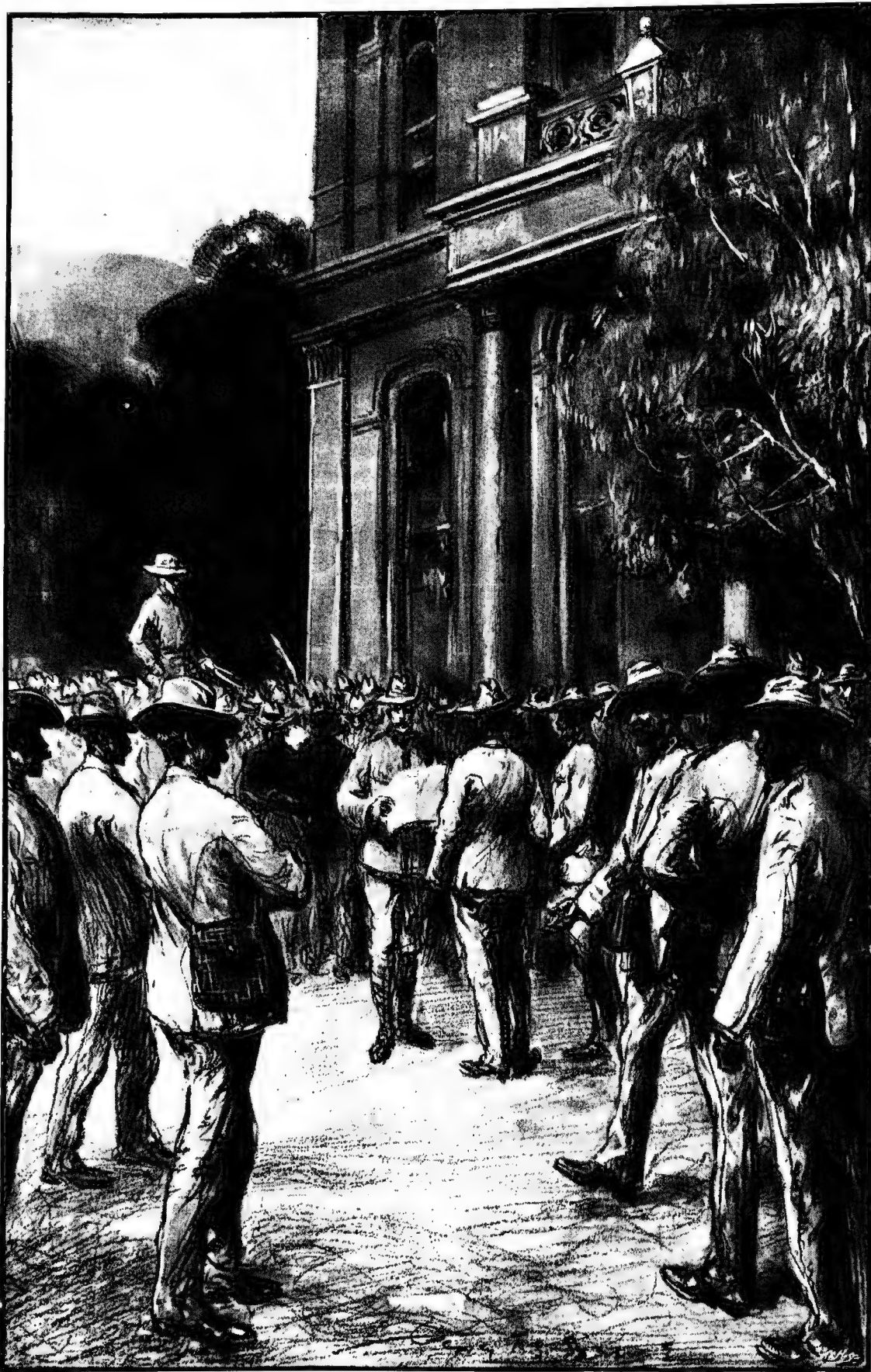
Just as an authorised soldier is lavishly rewarded by his side, so does he fare remarkably badly when he chances to fall into the hands of the opposite one. Indeed, he is almost certain to be shot at once—except, of course, when it is decided to keep him instead. It is seldom that a further alternative is resorted to, for all authorities seem to unanimously agree that the only suitable penalty is the only suitable one to inflict upon such persons. According to Vattel these severe measures are justified, owing to there being "scarcely any other means of guarding against the mischief of spies (i.e., captured spies) may do." Accordingly, on account of the risk they are necessarily exposed to, it has been decided—in our army at any rate—that no person can be called upon to act as a spy against his will.

As a ready means of proving his *bonâ-fides*, an authorised spy employed with a British force in the field is usually provided with a secret token, which he carries on his person. This, as a general rule, takes the form of a coin or small article such as a knife or whistle of distinctive pattern. Another way of securing the same result is to instruct a spy to make a secret sign—for instance, to touch his heel, or touch his hat, etc., when he wishes to reveal his identity. A third way consists in giving him a password.

When—as has frequently happened within the past few weeks—a suspected spy is captured within our lines, he is taken in charge of the Provost-Marshal. He is then brought before the Chief of the Field Intelligence Department, and required to give an account of himself. Unless he is able to do this to the satisfaction of the examining officer, the result is practically certain to be extremely disastrous for him. Thus, if evidence of his being in contact with the enemy be established against him, he is executed.

In those instances, however, when one of the opposite side approaches a British camp and openly announces his intention of giving us information, the procedure is as follows: The sentry who accosts orders the spy to lay down his arms. He is then manacled and blindfolded by an escort from the nearest picket to the officer in charge of the Field Intelligence Department. Here he is questioned closely as to the resources of the enemy, and induced by threats or promises of future reward to disclose as much as possible concerning this. Any statement

that he makes is carefully compared with those that have already been volunteered by other spies, and, by collating the various reports thus obtained, the General in command is frequently placed in possession of valuable particulars respecting the plans of the opposing troops. As soon as the examination of the spy is concluded, he is either handed over to the Provost Marshal for detention during the campaign, or sent back to the enemy's lines with instructions to return with further details.



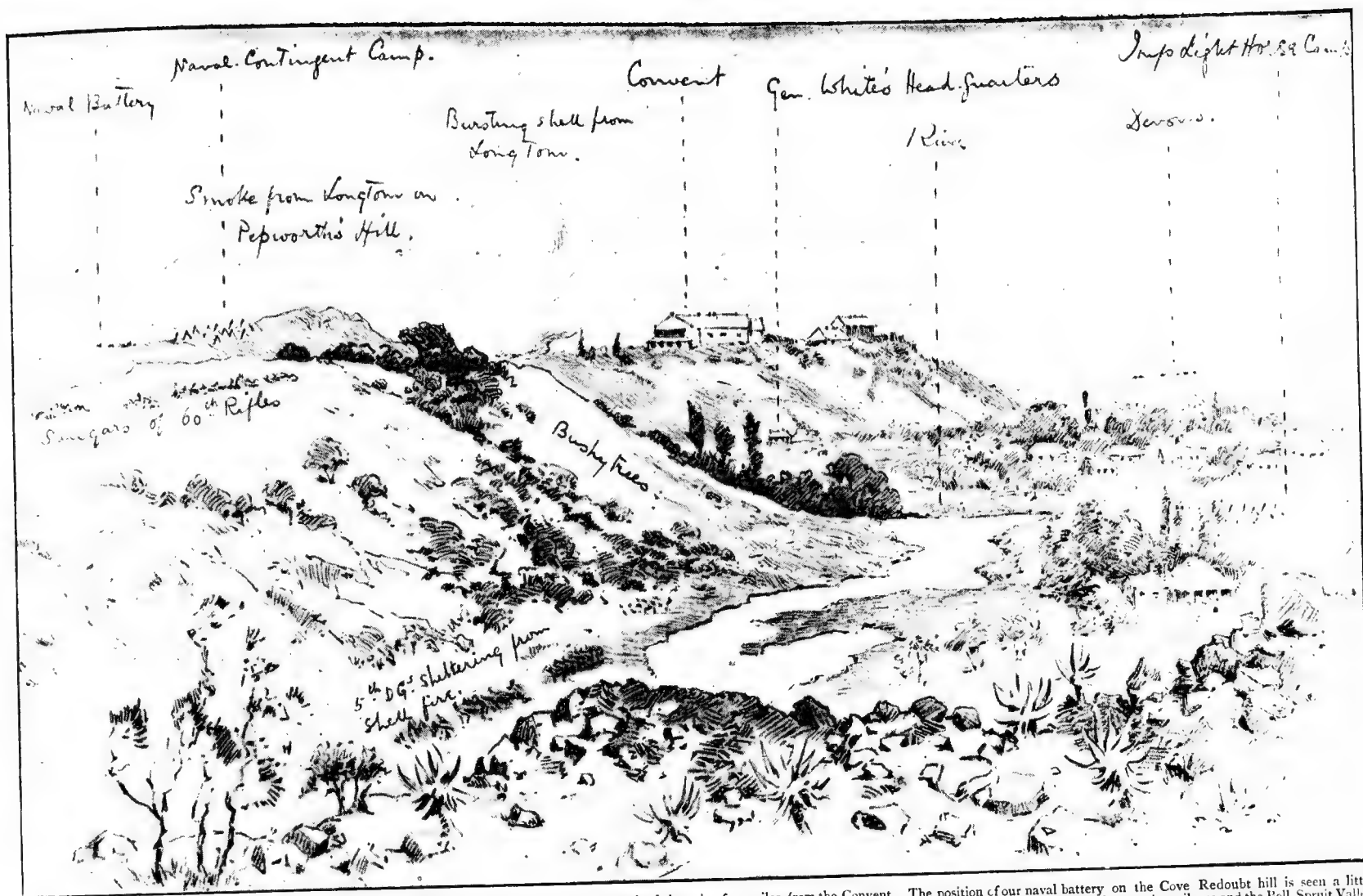
DRAWN BY JERCY F. S. SPENCE

FROM A SKETCH BY MARY E. BULLER

The corps of stretcher-bearers, which rendered such valuable service to our Army at the battle of Tugela, were enrolled at Durban and Maritzburg, with surprising celerity just before that event, twelve hundred men joining in a few days, followed by a second instalment, who had the advantage of some drills by an Imperial officer before leaving for the front. The men did their trying work with courage and patience, under most difficult conditions. The heat was intense even for summer time in Natal, while the sights and sounds of the battlefield were calculated to try the nerves of the most hardened campaigners, and many of these men had only been accustomed to serve in shops or offices. But in spite of this they toiled on gallantly at their work of mercy, some of them going without food or water during the day. A few poor fellows lost their lives, and some were wounded, but, nothing daunted, the Corps worked on through the night following the battle, carrying the wounded sometimes distances of four and five miles over rough country into Chieveley Camp. The Bearer Corps has lately been reorganised, and about four hundred men found, to be physically unfit have been discharged. Notices are now posted up in Maritzburg asking for a hundred more good men, which will bring their strength to about fourteen hundred. Recruiting is being actively carried on at the Police Station amongst the refugees. As the support of these men if unemployed would be chargeable to the Relief Fund, the formation of the Bearer Corps relieves that Fund of a heavy burden, while at the same time it enables the Transvaal refugees to render yeoman service to our gallant soldiers.

EXISTING STRETCHER-BEARERS FOR THE FRONT AT PIETERMARITZBURG

As to the ethics of the question of employing spies, opinions naturally differ very considerably. While fully acknowledging that the subject admits of both *pro* and *contra* arguments, the Commander-in-Chief seems to be of opinion that the services of these people cannot be dispensed with. At any rate, he has made these trenchant observations thereon: "As a nation we are bred up to feel it a disgrace even to succeed by falsehood; the word spy conveys something as repulsive as slave; we will keep hammering



This sketch, which was sent out by special runner from our special artist, was taken from the south of the Klip River, looking over it, northwards. The Convent, which stands on the height immediately to the north of the town, occupies the centre of the picture, and alongside of it are the headquarters of General White. Beneath the slope of the Convent hill lies the town, apparently well protected from the fire of the Boer guns on the north. Nearer are shown the 5th Dragoons, sheltered from the fire of the big gun on Pepworth Hill, the smoke of which is seen rising from the ridge of the hill on the left. According to the maps, this gun is just

four miles from the Convent. The position of our naval battery on the Cove Redoubt hill is seen a little nearer; from there the bluejackets have been keeping up a duel across the railway and the Bell Spruit Valley with the Creu-ot on Pepworth Hill. The ridge on the right of the picture is occupied by the Devonshire Regiment and the Imperial Light Horse. These come under the fire of the Lambard's Kop guns on the east.

THE NORTHERN HEIGHTS OF LADYSMITH: VIEW OF THE BRITISH OUTPOSTS AND PEPWORTH HILL

A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. MAUD



Armoured trains have played a great part in the war. Even when a force has not had one of these modern contrivances, one has been constructed with such material as the men could find, as in the case of the

armoured train at Mafeking. The curious object here shown is an engine in use on the line below Colenso, covered with rope in order to destroy the effect of the Boer bullets. Our photograph is by S. S. Watkinson

THE OPERATIONS IN NATAL: AN INGENUOUS DEVICE TO PROTECT AN ENGINE

Our Portraits

SIR WILLIAM WILSON HUNTER, the great authority on Indian and Oriental languages, was the son of Mr. A. Galloway Hunter, of Denholm, and was born on July 15, 1840. Educated at the University of Glasgow and at Paris and Bonn, he went in for the Indian Civil Service examination for appointments in 1862, and came out first. Arrived at Calcutta he soon acquired a reputation for proficiency in Sanskrit and the modern vernaculars of India. Invalided home after his arduous labours during the Orissa famine in 1866, he employed his sick leave writing his "Annals of Rural Bengal," which, during the next ten years, ran into ten editions. In 1869 he was attached, on special duty, to the Secretariat of the Bengal Government, and in 1870 to that of the Supreme Government of India. In 1871 he was appointed Director-General of Statistics to the Government. Under his direction the first census of India was taken, in 1872. In 1876 he issued the "Statistical Account of Bengal," in twenty volumes, and an exact survey was executed under his direction of the resources and population of each district



MR. WILLIAM MATHER
New M.P. for Rossendale Division



SIR MICHAEL FOSTER
New M.P. for London University

Physiology at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, and in 1870 he was elected Fellow of and Lecturer at Trinity College, Cambridge, and in 1881 Professor of Physiology to the University. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society, and was President of the British Association last year. Sir Michael received the honour of knighthood in June 1885, written largely on physiology, and his books are standard works on the subject. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Piccadilly.

Sir William Duguid Geddes, Principal and Chancellor of Aberdeen University, was born in near Huntly, Aberdeenshire, on November 21, 1817, and was educated at Elgin Academy and Aberdeen University. He obtained his first appointment in 1853 as rector of the Grammar School in Aberdeen, in succession to Dr. James Melville. Three years later he was elected Professor of Greek in the University of Aberdeen, and continued to hold that post for thirty years. In December, 1885, he was elected Principal of the University. In 1876 he received an honorary degree of LL.D. from Edinburgh University.



MR. A. J. S. MILMAN
New Clerk of the House of Commons



THE LATE SIR W. W. HUNTER
Expert on Indian Affairs



THE LATE REV. C. T. HALES
Well-known Preparatory Schoolmaster



THE LATE GENERAL CLARKE
Balaklava Veteran



THE LATE SIR WILLIAM GEDDES
Principal of Aberdeen University

in India—an enormous undertaking. By 1880 the great work, "The Statistical Survey of India," was completed and given to the public in 128 volumes. In 1881 Sir William issued a condensation of this vast work, as the "Imperial Gazetteer of India," in nine volumes. Appointed a member of the Viceroy's Legislative Council in 1881, Sir William Hunter in the following year was made President of the Education Commission in India. In 1887 he was appointed K.C.S.I., and having completed twenty-five years' service he retired. But Sir William Hunter, though he retired from public life, was by no means idle. For some years he took an active part in the University life at Oxford as examiner in the Honours School of Oriental Studies. The series "Rulers of India" was edited by him, and several of the volumes were written by himself. Many other well-known works testify to his knowledge of Indian affairs, and his loss will be severely felt. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

By the death of General George Calvert Clarke we lose one of the few remaining veterans who fought with the "Heavies" at Balaklava. He was born in London on July 23, 1814, and was the fifth son of the late John Calvert Clarke and Eliza, daughter of the late Richard Astley Sales. He was educated at Eton, and entered the 89th Regiment in 1834. He exchanged as captain into the 2nd Dragoons, Royal Scots Greys, in 1845, and retired on half-pay in 1868. He served throughout the Crimean campaign, being present at the affair of McKenzie's Farm and the battles of Balaklava (charge of the Heavy Brigade), Inkerman, and Tchernaya, and siege and fall of Sebastopol. Our portrait is by W. and A. H. Fry, Brighton.

Mr. William Mather, the new Radical member for Rossendale, is senior partner in the firm of Mather and Platt of the Salford Ironworks. He is a member of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers, a magistrate for Salford, and a Governor of Owen's College, Victoria University. Mr. Mather was created a Knight of the Order of Francis Joseph for the active part he took in promoting the visit of English artisans to the Vienna Exhibition in 1873. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Sir Michael Foster, K.C.B., M.D., is the new Unionist member for London University in place of Sir John Lubbock, Unionist, raised to the Peerage. He was born at Huntingdon, where his father was a surgeon, in March, 1836. After practising for a few years in Huntingdon, he was appointed Professor of Practical Physiology at University College, also being Fullerian Professor of



Among the first batch of recovered wounded from the war belonging to the Portsmouth Garrison to arrive at that place was a bugler boy named Dunn, who, when his right arm was disabled at Colenso by a shell, transferred his bugle to his other hand and refused to quit the firing line. Dunn's father, who is a sergeant in the Dublin Fusiliers Militia, and left for the front on Monday, was at the station to welcome his son. He had received the following letter from Captain Gordon, commanding A Company 1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers:—"I write to tell you how proud we are—all of us—of the gallant conduct of your son, No. 6408 Drummer Dunn. He insisted on rushing on with the firing line when we tried to force the passage of the Tugela, though several tried to keep him back. He has been wounded in the arm and received a slight bruise, I believe, in the chest, but he is doing well. Unfortunately, I am too much of a cripple at present to go and see him myself, but you may rest assured that he is being very well cared for in this hospital, where we have a good staff of doctors and nurses. You may indeed be proud of your boy." Bugler Dunn has been commanded to go to Osborne to-day (Saturday) as the Queen is desirous of seeing him. Our portrait is by W. V. Amey, Portsmouth.

BUGLER DUNN, OF THE DUBLIN FUSILIERS, AND HIS FATHER

and he was knighted in 1882. His "Greek Grammar," issued in 1885, has gone through many editions, and among others of his works may be mentioned his Plato's "Phaedo," "Problem of Homeric Poems," and "Flosculi Graeci Borealis." Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

The Rev. Clement Thomas Hales, M.A., of Aysgarth School, Yorkshire, who has succumbed to an attack of influenza, had a great reputation as a preparatory schoolmaster. Mr. Hales, who was a younger brother of the well-known Professor of English Literature at King's College, London, was a scholar of Christ's College, Cambridge. For a time he acted as private tutor to the present Lord Verulam, but shortly afterwards accepted a mastership at Richmond Grammar School, Yorkshire, then under the charge of Dr. Stokely. After three or four years' successful teaching at that school circumstances led to his starting a preparatory school on his own account, which, opened temporarily at Saltburn-on-Sea, was soon transferred to Aysgarth, in Wensleydale. Here the school grew and flourished so well that Mr. Hales bought several acres of land twelve miles lower down the dale, not far from Jervaulx Abbey, in the village of Newton-le-Willows. Here he set up a fine and admirable school buildings, which were soon filled to the full extent of their capacity. Of the years it had been noted that the great strain of work told upon him severely, and he has now fallen a victim to the prevalent malady at the comparatively early age of fifty-five. Our portrait is by A. and G. Taylor.

Mr. Archibald J. S. Milman, C.B., who has been appointed Clerk of the House of Commons in the room of Sir Reginald Palgrave, is the third son of the late Dean Milman, of St. Paul's Cathedral, the distinguished historian of Latin Christianity. After leaving Trinity College, Cambridge, Mr. Milman entered the service of the House of Commons in 1857, while in his twentieth year, and thirty years ago became secretary-clerk-assistant. Mr. Milman is an old Westminster boy, and still takes a great interest in the famous school. He received his C.B. in 1892. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Our portraits of Imperial Yeomanry officers on page 238 are by the following:—Captain Dawson, by the London Stereoscopic Company; Captain Kemp, by J. Caswall Smith, Oxford Street; Lieutenant-Colonel Chaloner, by Captain Rolleston, and Captain Bromley-Davenport, by Dickinson and Foster, New Bond Street; Captain Crable, by W. F. Glaisher, York; Lady Chesham, by J. Edwards, Hyde Park Corner; Lieutenant-Colonel Sloggett, by Lekegian, Cannon Street; and Lieutenant-Colonel Burke, by F. O. Devereux, Hove.



DRAWN BY FRANK DADO, R.I.

Some twenty non-commissioned officers and men of the 1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers, including Bugler Dunn, arrived at Portsmouth from Netley last week. Bugler Dunn, it will be remembered, was the first to be wounded on the British side at the Battle of Colenso, on December 15, and the others were wounded in endeavouring to swim across the Tugela River during the same battle. The train which was a few minutes late, was met by a large crowd, which displayed much enthusiasm. Dunn had no sooner passed the barrier than he was lifted

shoulder high by four stalwart Dubliners, and the crowd called out with one voice: "That's him! That's the brave little Dunn!" and cheer after cheer greeted him and his gallant companions, several of whom, with their sunken cheeks and tanned and weather-beaten faces, bore evidence of what they had gone through. Outside the station a dense concourse of several thousand people cheered the men lustily as they left the station, escorted by the band of the Dublin Fusiliers Militia, which struck up "Soldiers of the Queen" as they moved off down the lane, with difficulty kept

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN CRIBB, SOUTHSEA

clear by mounted policemen. Dunn was still carried shoulder-high, and as cheer after cheer greeted his appearance, he lifted his field service cap and waved it in response. Large numbers lined the road to the barracks, at the entrance to which there was another scene of wild enthusiasm. Inside the barracks square the Dubliners gave their comrades from the front a rousing welcome, and Dunn was quickly taken off to the married non-commissioned officers' quarters, where he was welcomed by his mother and friends.

THE RETURN OF HEROES OF COLENSO TO PORTSMOUTH: BUGLER DUNN CARRIED SHOULDERS HIGH THROUGH THE STREETS

The Paris Exhibition.—II.

FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT

THE Trocadero, which, since 1878, has formed an integral part of every French Exhibition, again plays an important part. The gardens are all being overhauled and the fountains put in order. On the right bank of the Seine are situated a number of detached palaces, the Palace of Horticulture being perhaps the most imposing. Here are also situated a series of "side shows" due to private enterprise. The chief of these is the reconstruction of Old Paris, which has already been on exhibition for some months. Of side shows there will be no lack. In addition to Old Paris we have already the Great Wheel, which is installed just behind the Galerie de Machines, and we are promised the Swiss village and numerous panoramas and dioramas of various kinds. The most original of these promises to be the Mareorama. The centre of this represents the deck of a transatlantic liner complete in every detail, down, I believe, to the heaving motion of the waves. On either side is painted canvas, which slowly unrolls, producing the illusion that the ship is in movement. On it are painted scenes of various kinds, so that for a franc or so the passenger can make the tour of the Mediterranean without stirring from his deck chair.

The officials of the Exhibition of 1900 are most sanguine that it will be completely ready by April 15. In a conversation which I had with one of M. Picard's leading assistants, he even declared that they would be ready before that date. This official optimism is, however, generally *en evidence* before the opening of such shows, and it rarely turns out to be justified. One thing, however, is certain, and that is that the Exhibition is very far advanced, and if it does not make a record by punctuality it will probably come very near it. The strike among the carpenters, which broke out a short time since, has, of course, done nothing to advance things. As their department is now the principal one every day the strike has decreased the chance of the Exhibition being ready on April 15. Every effort was, however, made by M. Picard, the Commissary-General, M. Millerand, the Minister of Commerce, and the Syndicate of Carpenters of the Seine Department, who did not recognise the strike as a trade strike, to bring about an arrangement. As a result of their efforts it was brought to a close in five days, which are, however, five days lost. The Exhibition of 1900 will certainly be one of the most wonderful, if not the most wonderful, the world has ever seen, and will well maintain the reputation of France's art and industry.

In the way of hotel accommodation, too, Paris is better off than she was in 1889. In addition to palatial structures like the Ritz or the Hysée Palace Hotels, a large number of other hostels of a more modest kind have been built in various quarters. An official of the Prefecture recently informed me that first-class hotel accommodation for over 5,000 persons has been constructed in Paris in the last eighteen months.

These, of course, have all been constructed in view of the expected crowd of visitors, so that they may at least inaugurate their careers by reaping a golden harvest. What they will do in the lean years that experience has shown always succeed Exhibitions remains to be seen, for the rival attractions which other European capitals now offer in ordinary years compete strongly with those of *la ville lumière*.

A reform is also being introduced into the Paris cabsystem. The larger cab companies have been getting their *matériel* thoroughly overhauled. The Compagnie Générale has given orders for the purchase of 8,000 new horses. If they could only introduce such a necessary reform as to get coachmen who know how to drive, the population of Paris would undoubtedly be grateful.

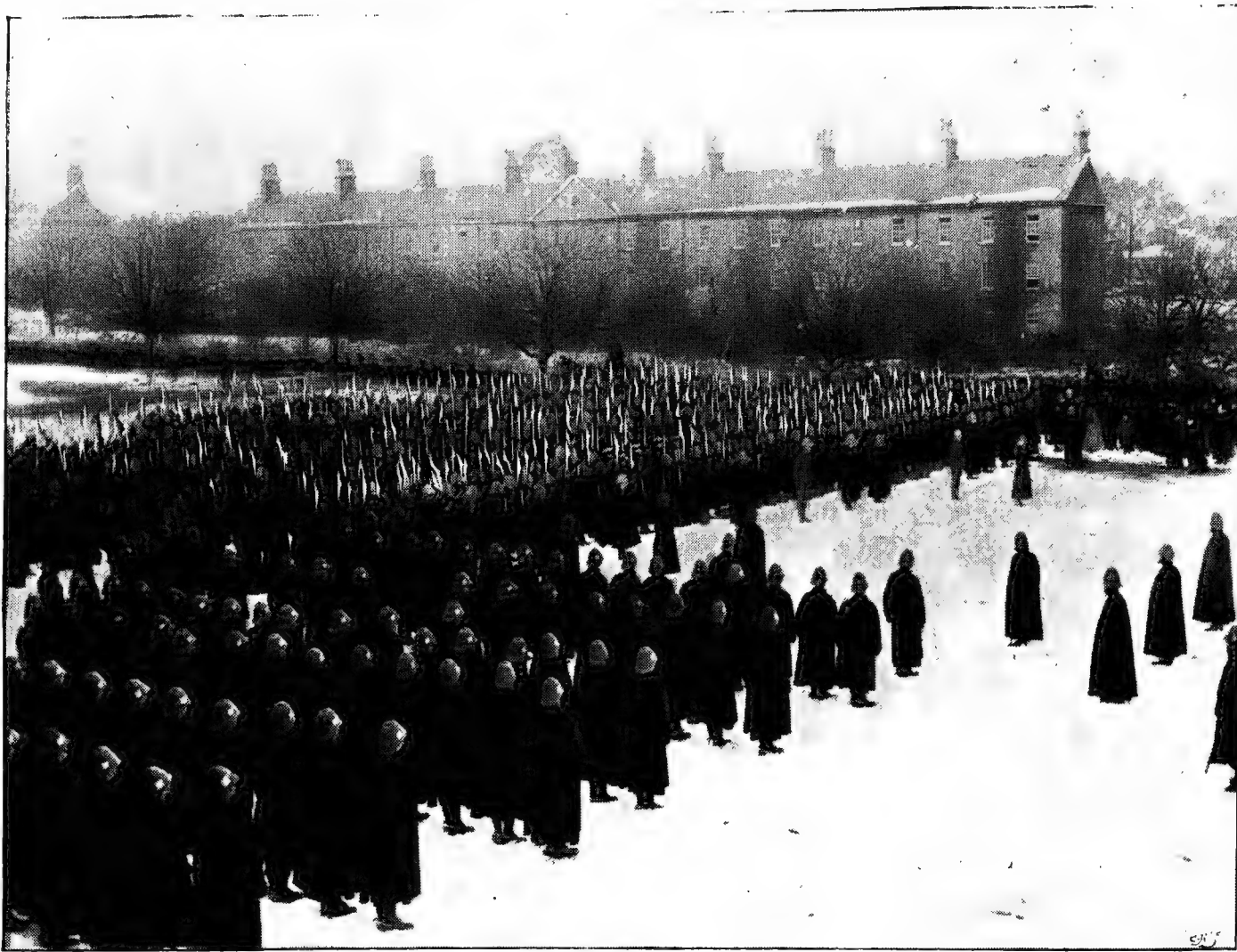
The same company is introducing the automobile cab. Fifty of these have already made their appearance on the boulevards, and a hundred more are promised before the Exhibition opens. This will not, of course, be a great number for such a large city as Paris, but it is the promise of better things for that most ill-treated of animals, the Paris cab horse.

One of the chief troubles of the Government has been the question of the lodging of their guests, Royal and otherwise. A couple of years ago it was suggested that a palace should be specially constructed for this purpose, but this seemed too sweeping a departure from Republican simplicity. The real reason probably was that the Government had no certainty that it would have any Royal guests to lodge. Even now nothing is certain in this regard.

The latest rumour is that the Sultan will shed the light of his presence on the city during the Exhibition, but it appears that we are not to have the honour of receiving the Negus of Abyssinia.

The Tsar, it is said, promised the late M. Felix Faure that he would return to the city during the Exhibition. Then there is the periodical rumour that it is the Kaiser's greatest ambition to visit Paris, and that to render the pill less bitter he will induce his allies, the Austrian Emperor and the King of Italy, to also come to the French capital. In this uncertainty, then, it has been decided to lease a private mansion and furnish it from the treasures of the national *garde-mun le*. The house selected is said to be that which belonged to the late Dr. Evans. If the Tsar or the Kaiser come to Paris, it is, however, probable they will prefer to reside at their embassies. If the leading crowned heads fail us we will probably have to fall back on the Shah and potentates of the second-rate rank.

This time there will be no want of means of communication. The new Metropolitan, the underground railway at present approaching completion, will then be in running order, the fleet of steamers on the Seine will be largely increased, and an overhead railway and a moving platform are at present under construction. These latter have their termini some distance outside the Exhibition, and make the circuit of the grounds, so that the visitor can be transported for a few sous to any part of the Exhibition. As the Galerie de Machines is quite a mile and a half from the entrance of the Place de la Concorde some such system was, of course, an absolute necessity. Everything is being done to render the stay in Paris pleasant to visitors, and the whole city is getting a "wash and brush up" ready to receive the expected invasion with her most smiling face.



At Aldershot last week General Montgomery Moore inspected the Fourth Cavalry Brigade. The men were in field service order, wearing cloaks over their khaki. The troops on parade were the 7th Dragoon Guards, 17th Lancers, and one squadron 8th Hussars. The general, in his address, said he had seen the regiments in the Long Valley, and had never seen a better brigade. He would be sorry for the enemy who met them. The men in the foreground are the 8th Hussars; on their left are the 17th Lancers. Our illustration is from a photograph by Charles Knight.

MOUNTED MEN FOR SOUTH AFRICA: AN INSPECTION AT ALDERSHOT

Selwyn

THE letters comprised in this volume are now presented to the public for the first time in book form; they have, certainly, been printed in the Report of the Historical Manuscript Commission, but that, necessarily, is beyond the reach of the great majority of the reading public. The letters, which are most ably edited, are of undoubted value, in so far that they throw a good deal of light upon the modes of living, the virtues, and also the vices of the upper classes during the latter half of the last century. As regards their historical, or rather their political value, there is little to be said in their favour. Lord Carlisle, to whom the greater part of the correspondence is addressed, can hardly be said to have gained much information in that respect from Selwyn, but depended for political news upon the communications received from that more serious politician, Anthony Storer (several of whose letters are included in this volume). Selwyn was not a serious politician, he was a sinecurist pure and simple, and although he sat in the House of Commons for a great many years, he appears to have done so solely for the purpose of securing as good a living as possible combined with the smallest amount of actual work.

We are bound to say that the more we learn of the "premier wit of his age" the less we see to like in him. He was a confirmed gossip and scandal-monger, and was not at all averse to flattering those people of whom he hoped to make some use. Like many of his class, such as Pepys and others, he had a very high opinion of his own abilities.

Selwyn lived for many years on the Continent, and was almost as much at home in Paris as in London, one result of which was that he made so much use of French phrases—and bad French at that.

* "George Selwyn: His Letters and His Life." Edited by F. S. Roscoe and Ellen Clergue. (Unwin.)

in his letters that people unacquainted with that language have some difficulty in arriving at his exact meaning.

With regard to his weakness for tittle-tattle, the editors write:

That Selwyn was a gossip no one knew better than himself, and he has the censure of Sir George Trevelyan for repeating tittle-tattle, as he about Fox and his gambling. But posterity desires to see the real Fox, ideal statesman—to see a man as he lived, not only a political figure.

And in that lies the real value of these letters. It shows us as he was in private life—his life as a gambler. Upon the questions of the day Selwyn has but little to say in his correspondence with Lord Carlisle, and what he does write shows that he has no very keen perception as to the course that events would follow. For instance, he speaks of our difficulties with America, after the battle of Bunker's Hill, as being merely a "dispute." The editors say:—"The flippancy with which Selwyn alludes to the rebellion is indicative of the state of opinion even among those who were considered the centre of political affairs." But even if these things were the question in so light a manner, one would have thought Selwyn, who was considered a man of acumen and discernment, would have been able to see the seriousness of the affair. High Storer foresaw the difficulty in which the country would be placed. In a letter to Lord Carlisle, dated December 29, 1775, he says:

As for conquering America, without foreign troops, it is entirely impossible for I think it pretty near a certainty that the Rebels will be in possession of America by the spring. By the news of Fort St. John's and Chamblay, the investiture of Quebec, their diligence and activity is wonderful, and it is in the possession of all North America. . . . Come to town, and be witness to the fall, or the re-establishment, of our puissant Empire. . . .

Those letters which deal with Fox and his mad passion for gambling are, as we have already remarked, the most interesting of the collection.

Selwyn, like many of his time, was himself a gambler, but he never allowed his weakness for gaming to outrun his discretion; he made the most of his losing more than he could win without difficulty. In a letter to his patron, Lord Carlisle, congratulating him upon his twenty-first birthday, he gives him the following good advice:—

Quince, 200s. vigorously at a mack's. Lady S. that you have upon your coming as on 17th leaving off that kind of play will ever. My dear Sir, I have not any pass at the game, strength time, and have easier luck than first. I am in, indeed, that you are making a blunder, as the French say, you will invite Scott, Pitt, and Shro to play it with you. You conditions of life, the necessary expenses of it will allow that coalition.

Fox owed large sums of money to Lord Carlisle, Selwyn acted as intermediary between them, rather, as advised to Lord Carlisle in the matter. In 1773 the Holland family raised 50,000l. to pay off Fox's gambling debts, partly

which Selwyn wanted to get hold of for Carlisle. In a letter on the subject he writes:—

Now, as to expedients. The capital sum, let us call it 15,000l. (Fox's debt to Carlisle). Let Charles (Fox) pay immediately 5,000l. from the 50,000l. I endeavour a year hence to raise you five more. Let Charles and Lord Stavert by their joint securities (and let Lady Holland contribute hers), try to raise the other 5,000l., and then this debt is paid, and when the worst comes to the worst you will lose yourself only the 5,000l., which we will endeavour to get from our own securities and resources.

Whether Lord Carlisle succeeded in getting his money is doubtful. There is no mention of his having done so in any subsequent letter. Fox himself, at one time, in conjunction with Richard Fitzpatrick, one of the most notorious gamblers of the time, held a Pharo at Brook's—a nice occupation for one of the greatest politicians of English history. In one letter, he says:—

I saw Charles to-day in a new hat, frock, waistcoat, shirt, and stockings, as clean and snug as a gentleman, and upon perceiving my surprise, told me that it was from the Pharo bank. . . . His old clothes, I suppose, have been burned like the pauper's at Salt Hill.

However, Fox's prosperity was not of long duration, for a few days later we read:—

You must know for these two days past all passengers in St. James's have been amused with seeing two carts at Charles's door filling, by the time with his goods, clothes, books and pictures. . . . And while this excitement is going on in one part of the street, Charles, Richard, and Hare are natively holding a bank of 3,000l. ostensible, and by which they must have among them 2,000l.

In 1781 Selwyn heard Pitt speak in Parliament for the first time, and, as the following passage will show, had no great opinion of his powers.

I heard yesterday young Pitt; I came down into the House to judge of myself. He is a young man who will undoubtedly make his way in the world by his abilities. But to give him credit for being very extraordinary, as what I heard yesterday, would be absurd.

The editors of the volume deserve high praise for the manner in which they have carried out their work.

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8	7 by 7	0 . 3	10 0	12	2 by 9	1 . 7	2 0
8	10 by 7	1 . 3	13 0	11	0 by 9	10 . 7	3 0
9	5 by 7	3 . 4	4 0	12	11 by 9	6 . 7	4 0
10	4 by 7	5 . 4	14 0	12	4 by 11	7 . 7	11 0
10	4 by 7	7 . 5	0 0	12	11 by 10	2 . 7	14 0
11	0 by 7	8 . 0	5 2 0	13	1 by 9	11 . 8	7 0
12	2 by 6	11 . 5	3 0	13	11 by 10	1 . 9	0 0
9	7 by 8	0 . 6	5 4 0	14	11 by 10	8 . 9	0 0
10	11 by 7	11 . 5	6 0	14	0 by 11	6 . 10	6 0
11	5 by 7	3 . 5	7 0	14	11 by 12	2 . 11	12 0
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By W. MOY THOMAS

"FACING THE MUSIC"

THE limits of the farce writer's privileges have not been authoritatively defined; but it is perhaps safe to say that the proceedings of his personages, if not exactly rational, ought at least to be conceivable. I cannot help feeling that Mr. J. H. Darnley, the author of the new farce in three acts at the STRAND Theatre, has been a little unmindful of this principle. That there may be two Mr. John Smiths, each occupying a flat in a modern mansion, is a coincidence which no one will say is impossible or even improbable; but that the wife of one of these tenants, deceived by this identity of name, can not merely mistake the other John Smith's flat for her own, but actually install herself there for a considerable time without discovering her mistake, is certainly difficult to imagine. The erring Mrs. Smith is, it is true, supposed to be a stranger to her own dwelling by reason of the fact that the Reverend Mr. Smith, her husband, has taken the flat during her temporary absence from town; but surely some token might have been expected to warn the lady of the blunder she had made. Yet this situation is the fount and origin of the boisterous humours of *Facing the Music*. It used to be said that one-third of all the farces at the PALAIS ROYAL, in the palmy days of Ravel, either ended or began with somebody exclaiming, "Pardon! je me suis trompé d'étage." As this saying indicates, Mr. Darnley's farcical methods are certainly old-fashioned; though it may be admitted that the audience at the STRAND Theatre on Saturday evening did not seem at all inclined to resent the extravagance of the dramatist's datum, while they gave abundant tokens of being amused by the ingenious complications to which it gives rise. To follow all the *péripéties* of Mr. Darnley's three acts, and determine correctly the relations of his various personages, would be a wasted labour; nor can I pretend to be quite equal to the task. When it is known that "the other Mr. Smith" has, in the attempt to protect a strange lady, as well as himself, from a gang of pick-pockets, accidentally lost his pocket book; that the strange lady, described as "Miss Fotheringay of the Bijou Theatre," calls on the owner to restore the missing article; that the wife of "the other Mr. Smith"—a person of a jealous disposition—suddenly arrives from the country, and finds two strange ladies making themselves at home; and that in the confusion the majority of the personages are mistaken by a blundering police-sergeant for a gang of sharpers, we have said enough to show that the playwright has been less solicitous to provide new situations than to provide himself with abundance of farcical material. Mr. Stayton, as the Curate, Mr. James Welch, as the other Mr. Smith, Miss Vane Featherstone, as his wife, Mr. Sam Sothern, as a friend, Miss Lettice Fairfax, as the curate's wife, Miss Hope Dudley, as Miss Fotheringay, Mr. Widdicombe, as the Police-Sergeant, and Miss Bessie Major, as a

housekeeper, did their best to bring out the humorous side of their respective parts, and as the audience greeted their exertions with laughter and applause, there is nothing more to be said.

"DANDY DICK"

The revival of *Dandy Dick* at WYNDHAM'S Theatre constitutes an important addition to the not very long list of merry pieces now to be seen on the London stage. It was the last of the three clever farces written by Mr. Pinero for the COURT Theatre when that house was under the joint control of the late Mr. John Clayton and Mr. Arthur Cecil, the former of whom has been succeeded by Mr. Alfred Bishop as the Dean, while Mr. Cecil's original part of Blore, the hypocritical butler, falls to Mr. George Giddens. On the other hand, Mr. Maurice appears once more as Sir Tristram, and Mr. Alfred Bishop repeats his famous performance as Noah Topping, the moody and jealous country policeman, which, admirable though it be, is hardly better in its way than Miss Annie Hughes's humorous and clever impersonation of the policeman's wife. Also included in the cast, in a less prominent way, are Mr. Vane Tempest, Mr. Stanley Cooke, Miss Maud Hoffman, and Miss Grace Lane. It is always an ungracious task to compare a bygone performance of a standard piece with a new or partly new one; nor in so doing is it easy to determine how far we may be prejudiced by pleasing associations with the past; but if there are some shortcomings in the present revival the cast is, perhaps, not inferior, on the whole, to that of the original production thirteen years ago.

Mr. Sam Osborn

MR. S. OSBORN, M.R.C.S., who has volunteered for South Africa, is chief surgeon of the Metropolitan Corps of the St. John Ambulance Brigade. He sailed last Saturday on the *Norman* with Colonel A. T. Sloggett, R.A.M.C., Mr. A. O. Fripp, and many members of the Yeomanry Hospital Staff to which the St. John Ambulance Corps has furnished a contingent of fifty men. Mr. Osborn has had an extensive experience as a surgeon in London and in the field. He served in charge of an ambulance during the Græco-Turkish war, and is familiar with the treatment of gunshot wounds. Our portrait is by Fradelle and Young.



MR. S. OSBORN
Chief Surgeon Metropolitan Corps
St. John Ambulance Brigade,
Who has Volunteered for South Africa

Major C. F. Hignett

MAJOR C. F. HIGNETT is the Resident Magistrate at Nqutu, Zululand. He is the eldest son of Lieutenant-Colonel Hignett, late Army Pay Department. Major Hignett and his clerks, with about eight Europeans and thirty police, fought 500 Boers, under Commandant Joachim Ferreira, for one hour at the magistracy. Major Hignett only surrendered when two 7-pounders were brought to bear on him. The Boers admit that they had two men killed and several wounded. Major Hignett and the other prisoners are at Helpmakaar. Three hundred scouts, under Mr. Addison, another magistrate, were only eighteen miles away at the time. One of the enemy's despatches says that they captured eleven white prisoners and thirty-four coloured police, with all horses, 340 rifles, and a stock of ammunition. In a letter written from Nqutu some time since, Major Hignett says:—"We are surrounded by Boers, who are looting and taking prisoners around us, and who daily threaten to attack us. We have a strong fort here, and a sturdy little garrison, and we are ready to face very long odds. Only cannon will shift us from our stronghold. We are all ready for a fight, and were it not for the women and children I should rather like to see what harm a cannon would do to our laager. The anxiety of continually anticipating an attack, and the fact that I shall have to be my own general, is very trying. Last mail I sent you off several Natal papers giving accounts of battles so far, all of which have occurred within our hearing. In fact, the boom of big guns is now no longer an unfamiliar sound. Our boys are fighting well, and the Boers are in for a terrible hiding. They are utter cowards, except when in overwhelming force, and are by no means as good shots as Mr. Atkins. Every night we all sleep at our posts, ready for the long-expected attack. The Boers hereabouts have only one desire—that is, to capture me, I fancy, because I organise parties of Basuto scouts to assist with the Imperial forces. Don't be anxious about us, as we shall prove a tough job for Oom Paul. We are all well and jolly. Our portrait is by Robertson, Pietermaritzburg.



MAJOR C. F. HIGNETT
Resident Magistrate at Nqutu, taken prisoner by the Boers

It is interesting to remember just now that the khaki tree may be seen growing in the Italian Riviera. Originally it came from Japan, but it is now largely cultivated by the growers along the Mediterranean coast. The tree—*Diospyros Khaki*—grows to a fair height, and yields a pleasant reddish-yellow fruit.

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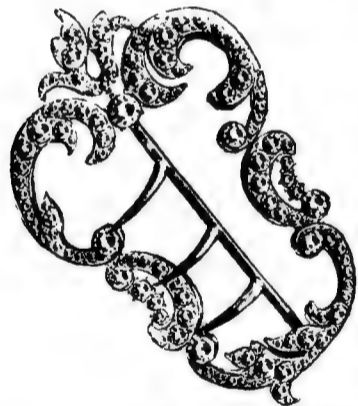
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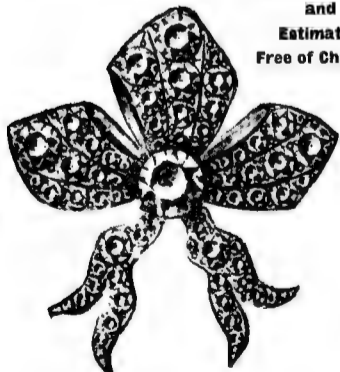
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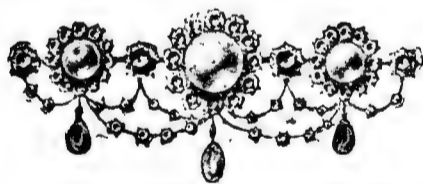


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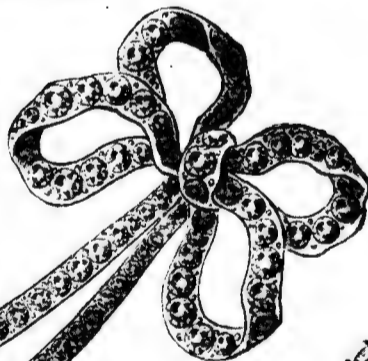


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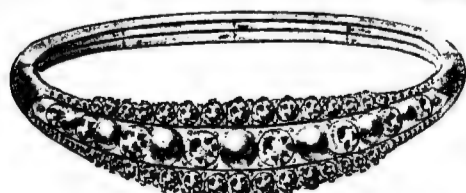
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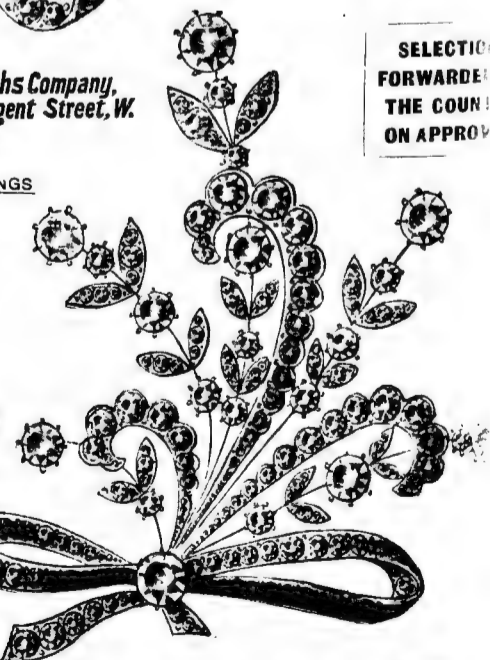
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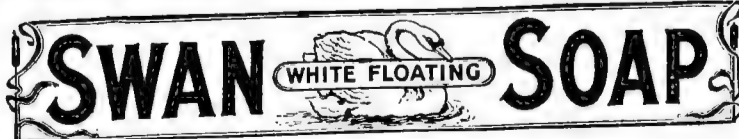
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"THE DOCTOR"

MR. HENRY DE VERE STACPOOLE'S "The Doctor" (T. Fisher Unwin) is as amusing as it is pathetic, which is to say a great deal. The eyes of many readers will moisten at the death of the rough and rather grim old country doctor, broken-hearted by the loss of the hard, vain, and selfish niece whose life he had made his own, and returned him nothing but a cruel ingratitude that he partly could not and partly would not perceive. The story begins like a Somersetshire idyll, which, however, as we become intimate with the place and the people, gradually passes into a picture of village-life painted in



SOIRÉE GOWN

Of pale yellow crêpe de chine, with deep fringe and lace guipure over yellow chiffon. Corsage to match, with trail of yellow roses over left shoulder

anything but cream colour. In like manner the humours of the queer doctor's queerer patients become less purely entertaining when we find the latter exacting everything for nothing, and the former menaced by a new-fangled rival and drained by the girl whom he pinches himself to support as a lady novelist in London, and who cannot contrive to come to him when he is dangerously ill. All this may not sound very amusing, but none the less it is the irony of the situation and the humorousness of the characters and the incidents that give the story its tone, while additional brightness is lent to it by the charming and sympathetic manner in which it is told.

"THE DON AND THE UNDERGRADUATE"

If there be a Heaven on earth, it is surely St. Hilary's College, Oxford, where the Fellows are only not angels by reason of such foibles as make one love them all the more, the Undergraduates are deficient only in wings, and the President's daughter, Daisy—well, one is sure that the actual wings are merely unseen. Such is the stage of Mr. W. E. W. Collins's story (Blackwood and Sons), in which there is not a single unlovely character from beginning to end—not even excepting a semi-professional garrotter—inasmuch as he, too, begins to develop wings and to win cordial sympathies long before the close. One Don, however, Charles Ingram, stands out even from such a Common Room, and one Undergraduate, George Ronald, even from such a College. Both must needs love Daisy: alas! that Daisy could love only one of two such men—at any rate, only one at a time. So the Don nobly gives place to the Undergraduate, the two become the dearest friends, with a third dear friend of the company; and how it nevertheless comes to pass that Daisy at last becomes Mrs. Ingram instead of Mrs. Ronald, we most heartily advise the reader to learn for himself from Mr. Collins at first hand. The novel is something more than merely interesting, and it has the unusual merit, for a story of Oxford, of being absolutely true in form and colour—none the less true in tint for being somewhat wanting in shade.

"YEOMAN FLEETWOOD"

The splendid and knightly young yeoman who gives its title to M. E. Francis's (Mrs. Francis Blundell's) novel (Longmans, Green, and Co.) is conveyed by his love for a squire's lovely but far from discreet daughter into very high Society indeed. Having been eloped with by her to Gretna Green, he, in his turn, carries off his lady-love, now his lawful wife, from the actual clutches of the First Gentleman in Europe, whom he beards in his very den at Bright-helmstone. How Simon Fleetwood contrived to enter the orgy at the Pavilion uninvited was due to the good offices of Mrs. Fitz-herbert, who had perceived in the girl the most formidable of rivals. We must own to a lack of sympathy with a young lady who, under any circumstances, allowed herself to become a public jest, and, however innocent in fact, to drift, or rather deliberately plunge, from one false position into another. But we are left to understand that the hero's persistent though not seldom blundering chivalry brings her heart, which had always been his, to its proper and enduring senses. It cannot fairly be said that Mrs. Blundell's excursion in quasi-historic romance is as happily conducted as her many delightful pictures of the real life of real people. Her imagination is unquestionably observant rather than creative. But, as will have been gathered, her new story has all the attraction of exciting incidents and situations, set off to the best advantage by as charming a style as is at present to be found.

"THE INFATUATION OF THE COUNTESS"

The interest of Roman ladies for handsome fencers, fiercest of satirists, is mildly recalled by "The Infatuation of the Countess" (by Percy White: Sands and Co.), that certain Lady Reedsdale, for a beautiful young maid, name of Arthur Gammellyn. Arthur, however, not a most unsuspecting innocence to all-round faultless given his whole heart to Connie Adair—a young woman any twenty ordinary heroines put together. For, who always knows her own mind, is never baffled by plot-standings, and, when in a position to turn all the Countess—who never had a real chance—does so in a for point and polish, shows how well she had practiced with the foils. It all makes a very pleasant story.



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But this is because the average prospectus is brief, and contains but a few pages, and really gives a false idea of the work which it purports to describe. On the other hand, it is equally obvious that if the 8,000 and more purchasers of the Library had waited until they had time to visit the office, or the establishment of Messrs. Chappell and Co., Pianoforte Manufacturers, 50, New Bond Street, W., where the volumes of the Library are on view, nothing like this number of copies of the Prospectus would have been sold in the three or four months since the STANDARD made its first announcement.

WHY 8,000 PEOPLE HAVE PURCHASED THE LIBRARY.

There are 8,000 people who would subscribe to a total of 160,000 large royal octavo volumes, and there are more than this number, there must have been some special inducement why they should subscribe, and some means of enabling them to subscribe with a fairly accurate idea of what they were doing. The reason which induced the 8,000 and more subscribers to the LIBRARY OF FAMOUS LITERATURE to send their orders was the remarkable advance of publication offer which the STANDARD made when it issued the issue of this new work.

The prices for the Introductory Edition of the Library were put at the lowest possible consistent with a work of character and value. In the same way the terms that were offered were such as had never before been offered in Great Britain. For the preliminary payment of half-a-guinea the STANDARD agreed to send the entire twenty volumes delivered all at one time, with further payments in small amounts each month.

The effect of this arrangement was to put each one of the twenty volumes of the Library in the hands of a subscriber, so that he might be using them and enjoying them while he was paying for them in a convenient and sure way. But these prices and these terms were extended only to subscribers to the Introductory Edition. This edition is now almost all taken; a comparatively small number of sets now remains, and the STANDARD must therefore announce that this introductory offer must be withdrawn. Unless intending subscribers act quickly and forward their orders within a very few days it will be too late.

Meanwhile the STANDARD wishes to give such intending subscribers the utmost facility for making up their minds as to what the LIBRARY OF FAMOUS LITERATURE is, and whether they wish to have these splendid volumes in their homes.

First, upon receipt of a postcard the STANDARD will send post paid to any address

PROSPECTUS NO. 1.

This is the large one-hundred page Illustrated Prospectus which is referred to at the top of this column. It is what it is and what it contains. Its pages are, to begin with, of the same size as the pages of the Library; they are set in the same type and printed on the same kind of paper. They are, moreover, facsimile reproductions of thirty pages from the Library itself. The contents of the Prospectus comprise:—

1. A prospectus in brief, a concise description of the Library in forty lines.
 2. A facsimile of the curious Greek manuscript of an oration of Demosthenes which forms the frontispiece of Volume I. of the Library.
 3. A series of twenty pictures by Dr. Garnett and the famous men of letters who have made the Library of Famous Literature.
 4. What this great Library is (four pages).
 5. Why the Library has come into existence (resuming a part of Dr. Garnett's introduction to the Library).
 6. What the Library contains (six pages).
 7. From celebrated men of letters (telling of the eminent men who have contributed to the making of the Library).
 8. The illustrations and some technical details (as to the bindings, coloured plates, indexes, &c.).
 9. Specimens of the rare and quaint coloured plates which illustrate each volume of the Library.
 10. Thirty specimen pages from the Library itself.
 11. Three pages from the two large Indexes, General and Topical, included in the last volume of the Library (which occupy seventy pages in full).
 12. Seventeen full-page illustrations from among the five hundred full-page illustrations which illustrate the Library (these include reproductions of celebrated paintings, portraits of authors, their homes, and their lives).
- A large pamphlet is sent to anyone who will ask for it, without charge. It seems a great deal to send for a single book, or rather a single set of books, and yet, paradox as it is, it really gives but a very slight idea of a truly admirable work the LIBRARY OF FAMOUS LITERATURE is. The last is not merely the Standard's view of it; it is the view of the subscribers themselves, and these views (one hundred and fifty are included in what might be termed

PROSPECTUS NO. 2.

This is a sixty-four page booklet giving first one hundred letters from one hundred and fifty of the earliest subscribers to the Library, telling precisely what they think of it, how they like it, why they value it. These are the first among hundreds upon hundreds which the STANDARD has already received. It would be unfair to intending purchasers to have given only a selection of the best of these letters, so the STANDARD simply took, as far as was practicable, the first one hundred and fifty which it received. They are, therefore, truly representative of the entire number of letters, and those who wish to know what actual subscribers to the Library think of it may have this little booklet also, free, upon application. The booklet contains as well brief quotations from one hundred representative reviews and notices of the Library from the Press of Great Britain, and also some small reproductions, miniatures of the full-page illustrations of the Library itself.

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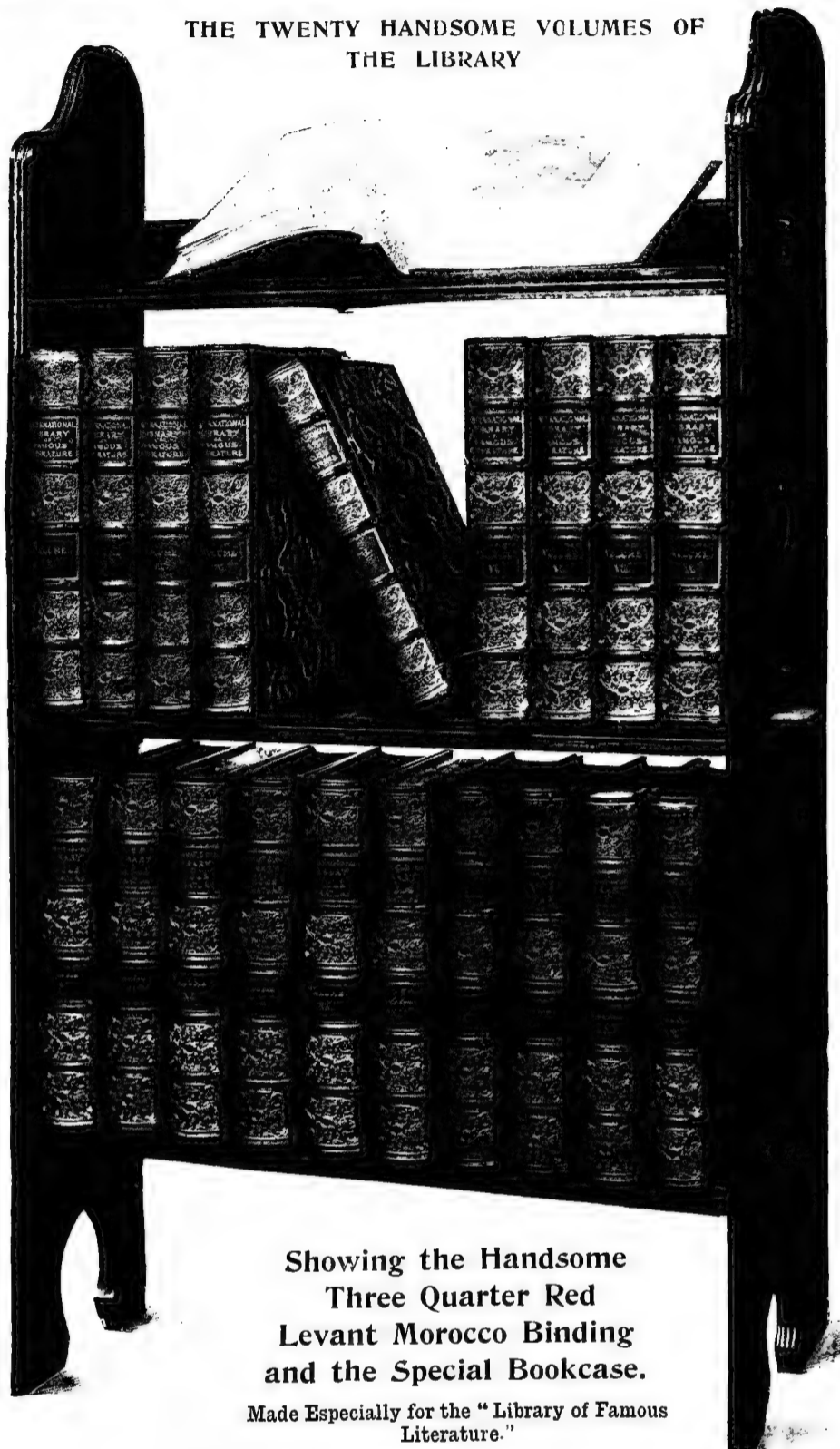
about to be withdrawn, will be sent for a few days longer; but in the meantime the STANDARD will give full notification of the termination of the present opportunity. It is clear from the many letters which the STANDARD has received that the Library must come to be recognised as an indispensable adjunct to the home where books are valued. Those who fail to take advantage of the present opportunity will pay for the Library at a double cost. They will be compelled to pay a higher price, when they might have the Library at a low price, on the easiest terms, with all the pleasure that these handsome and richly stored volumes afford.

APPLICATION FOR PROSPECTUS.

If you wish to cut this slip out, carefully state that you saw this notice in "THE GRAPHIC," otherwise the Prospectus cannot be sent.
W. M. JACKSON, "THE STANDARD," 23, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.
Having read in "THE GRAPHIC" your offer regarding the LIBRARY OF FAMOUS LITERATURE, I request that you send me your Illustrated Prospectus.

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Please also send the Special Bookcase made to contain 20 volumes of "The Library," for which I agree to make one further Monthly Payment of 18s. 6d., after the payments for the books are completed. Strike out if Bookcase is not desired.

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* NOTE ON BINDINGS.—The Library is bound in Cloth only in conformity to the usual custom. The HALF PERSIAN CALF is a very attractive and durable binding. But we particularly recommend the THREE QUARTER RED LEVANT MOROCCO as the handsome and most artistic form of the work, and on account of its relative cheapness. It is an ornament to the library or drawing-room. For presentation purposes, or for those who desire the finest bindings obtainable, the sumptuous Full Morocco will be found to meet every requirement.
Samples of the Different Styles of Binding may be seen and Orders may be looked at "The Standard" Office, and of Messrs. Chappell and Co., Pianoforte Manufacturers, 50, New Bond Street, W.

Rural Notes

THE SEASON

THE cold weather area does not extend so far as usual at a time when a regular anticyclone has prevailed. France is not seriously touched, nor Germany, though Belgium and Holland are even colder than England. The islands of Scilly, Jersey, and Guernsey have not yet recorded a frost, though 34 deg. at St. Heliers and 33 deg. at Resco are night records which have got dangerously near to the line. The 8th was a remarkable day over the British area, for while it was cold all along the line it was not quite so cold in the Shetlands as it was at Brighton. The last fortnight has been of strikingly different aspect on our S.E. and N.W. coasts respectively. On the S.E. coasts the days have often been brilliantly sunny, and the severe night frosts have been followed by days when solar warmth at noon was very perceptible. On the N.W. coasts sunshine had been almost entirely absent, and the leaden atmosphere has been most depressing. It has been most gloomy weather in Cornwall, Ireland, and Wales, but in all these regions the warm soil of December and the rains of January have brought the spring flowers forward, and there is a fine show of daffodils. The farmer is grumbling even more than usual, for the frost has only put a solitary

sixpence on to the price of corn. In the "good old times," as he will tell us, the very sight of a skater meant a rise of at least half-a-crown.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES

The February meeting of the "Royal" has been chiefly remarkable for the handsome tribute which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales paid to the memory of the late Duke of Westminster, whose presidency in 1893 was a famous epoch in the Society's annals. The Shire Horse Society were in fine fettle at their meeting as the Secretary was able to announce the largest bank balance, and the smallest sum of arrears on record. The South Down Sheep Society had also a most satisfactory gathering, for not only were ninety-nine new members elected, but 110 candidates were proposed for election in March. Lord Bathurst was elected vice-president, and a balance of 101% was reported against 6% a year ago. The Hackney Society have fixed their show for March 6-9, at Islington, while the Bath and West of England Society have arranged to meet at Bath from May 30 to June 4, and the Royal Counties Society have fixed on Winchester for their show, which will be held on June 6-9.

THE RURAL BOARD SCHOOL

The thirty years which have been spent in "Cockneyfying" the

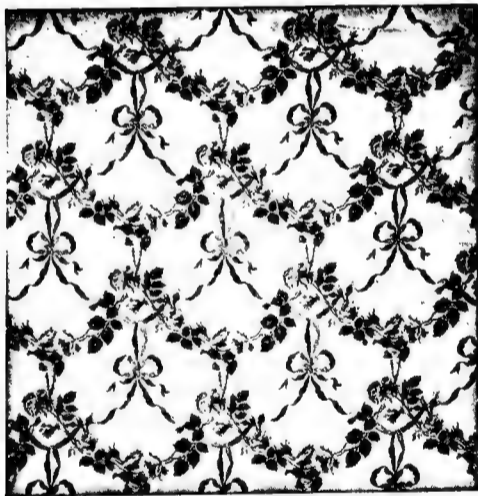
country boy have not given the Government much over which to rejoice, and the replies of the Duke of Devonshire and Sir John Gorst to a deputation are witnesses to the fact. The exact purpose of the sort of education given in a rural Board School have never been very clear to us, but it may be admitted that to disgust a country boy with country life should not be one of them. It is possible to teach him agriculture without land or live stock, but he might surely learn the elements of botany so as to tell an oak from an ash, a root of celery from one of horse-radish, the innoscent berries from those which are poisonous. Zoology in its early stages would also be an unmixed gain, for the ignorance of a country lout is nearly always edged with cruelty. He kills the lovely dragon-flies because they are "horse-stingers," the new because they are "poisonous," and the hedgehogs because they "suck the cows." He might with great advantage be taught the difference between fruit-devouring and insectivorous birds. The teachers, as usual, have put in a claim for more money, but instead of attracting more half-educated young persons from the cities, should prefer to see the rural teaching confined to those who had a country training themselves. The teacher from a town is, for the most part, abjectly ignorant of the country, and afraid of a ramble with his charges for fear of discovering his ignorance.

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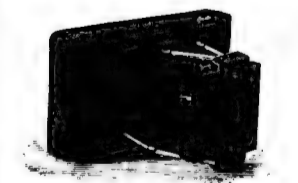
A VERY SMALL percentage of those who enjoy good music are able to play any instrument. There are many people who possess a musical temperament who lack the technical skill necessary to play the piano or organ, and again there are those who acquire digital dexterity whose playing is totally devoid of feeling or expression. The best critics are seldom proficient performers. The keen appreciation of the true musician is born in a man—it can be cultivated or it can be neglected, but it never leaves him; it is a gift.

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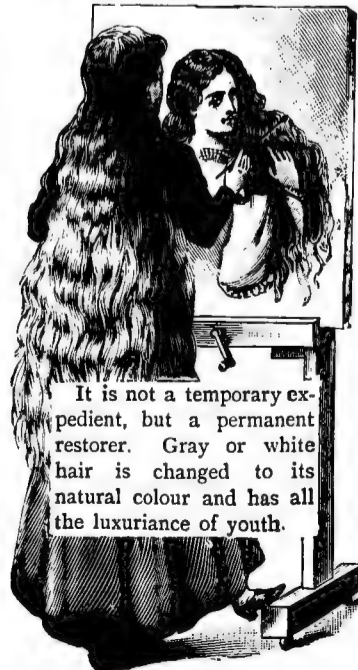
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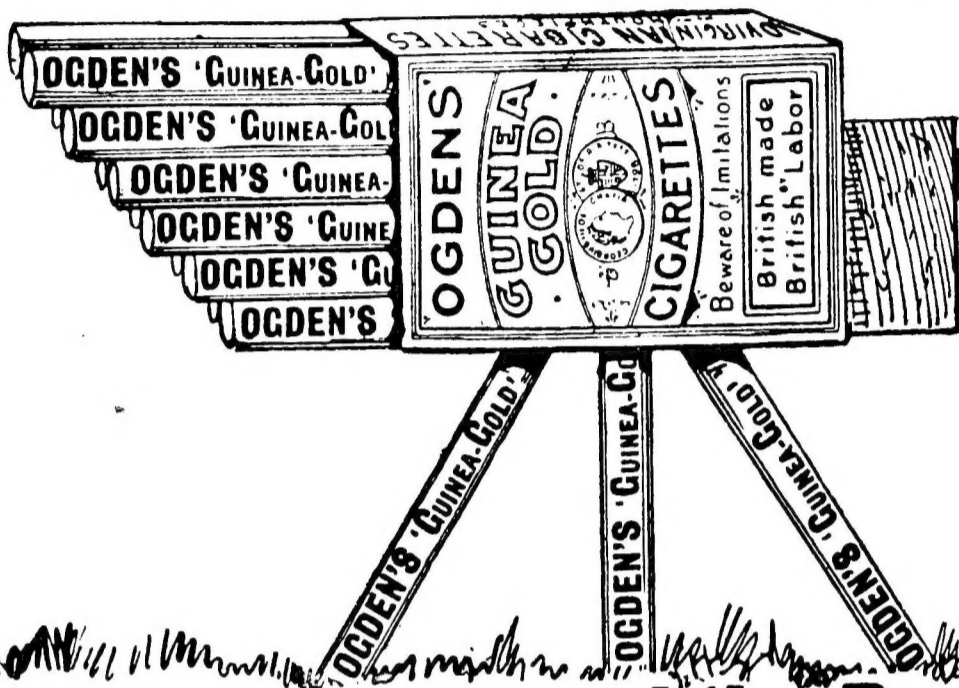
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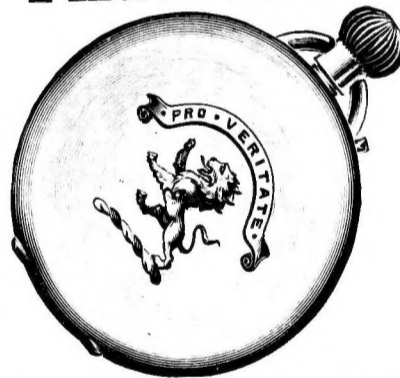


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FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE

The recrudescence of this tiresome complaint among cattle was reported to us a week ago, but we hesitated to credit a piece of news which, if verified, would argue very grave neglect of duty on the part of the Board of Agriculture. We now have the authority of the Minister himself for the report, and we await with much interest his explanation of how it occurred. The complaint is not one which can lie dormant for years, or which can occur without infection. As the Board possess ample coercive powers against all cattle importers who fail to convince the inspector that their stock is healthy, and as there is full quarantine margin insisted on, we imagine that a grave failure of duty has to be traced. Meanwhile, the spread of the disease seems happily to have been arrested.

GOOD EXPERIMENTAL WORK

The famous old Bath Society has arranged to co-operate with the Board of Agriculture in certain experiments which ought to prove

of much value. They will be directed to showing the influence of manures on the production of mutton, that is to say, the character and quantity of mutton from sheep fed on differently manured pastures will be very carefully noted. The same Society has arranged to carry on at its own expense experiments on the best way to improve permanent pastures.

THE LAST ARMOURD TRAIN THAT LEFT LADYSMITH.—We have received the enclosed letter relating to the above illustration, which appeared in *The Graphic* on December 9, and the veracity of which has been impugned by a Natal newspaper.

Nottingham Road Camp,
January 5th, 1900.

To the Editor of *The Graphic*.
Dear Sir,—*Apologies* for a sketch that appeared in *The Graphic* by Mr. D. C. Owles of General French's train, I am pleased to tell you that his sketch was seen by me and was in every detail correct.

My assurance for this is that I am one of the senior draughtsmen in the locomotive office of the Natal Government Railways. I enclose a paragraph that appeared in one of the Natal papers. The object in view is to disabuse your mind of any incorrectness of the sketch. The train consisted of an engine, one 24-foot eight-wheel wagon, into a cattle-truck, and a six-wheel compo. brake-van. The sketch was made in the place shown in Mr. Owles's sketch. I need only add that if all sketches sent you are as correct in detail as Mr. Owles's you should be pleased.

I remain,
Yours faithfully,
EDWARD R. ADAMS,
Lieutenant, Durban Light Infantry.

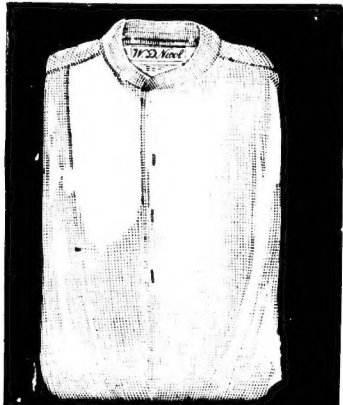
The following is the paragraph referred to by our correspondent.

The Graphic contains a double-page engraving of the last armoured train that left Ladysmith with General French on board. It is from a sketch by Mr. D. C. Owles. We have not the pleasure of this gentleman's acquaintance, but are certain that he never saw an armoured train. We are equally certain that General French did not leave Ladysmith in a train composed of an engine, front, open cattle-truck in centre, and a guard's van. We may not be quite up to date in Natal, but pride ourselves that the engines on the N.G.R. are an improvement on the one depicted in *The Graphic*, which apparently is from the Festiniog Railway rolling stock.

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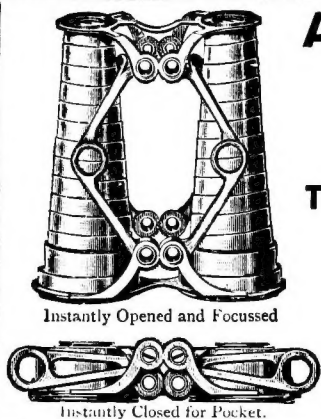
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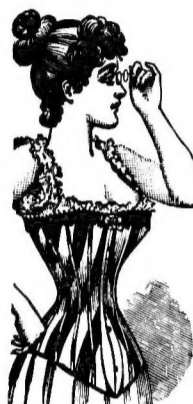
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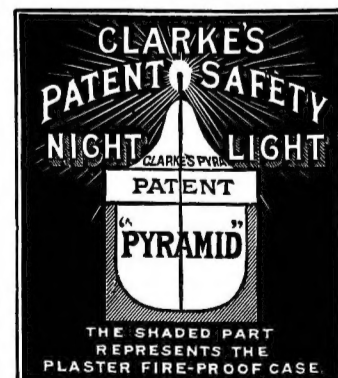
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